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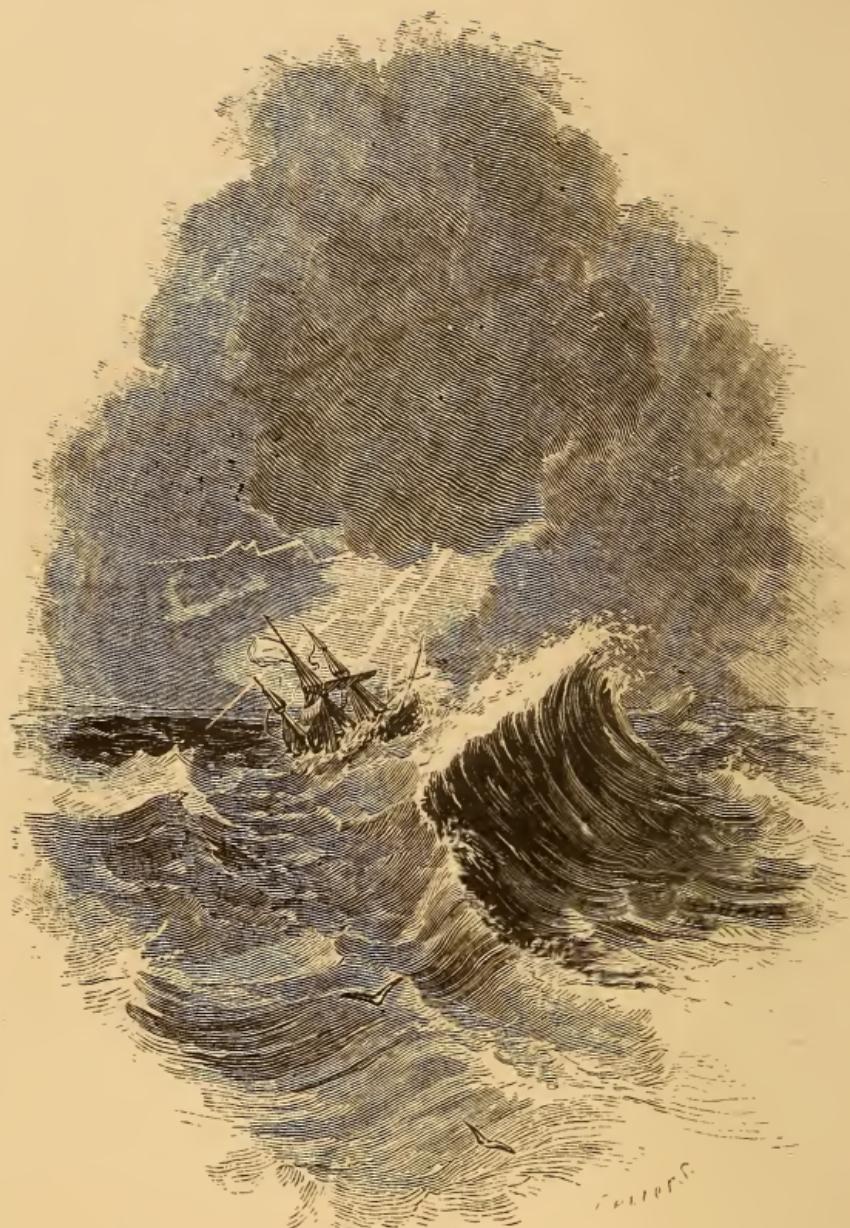
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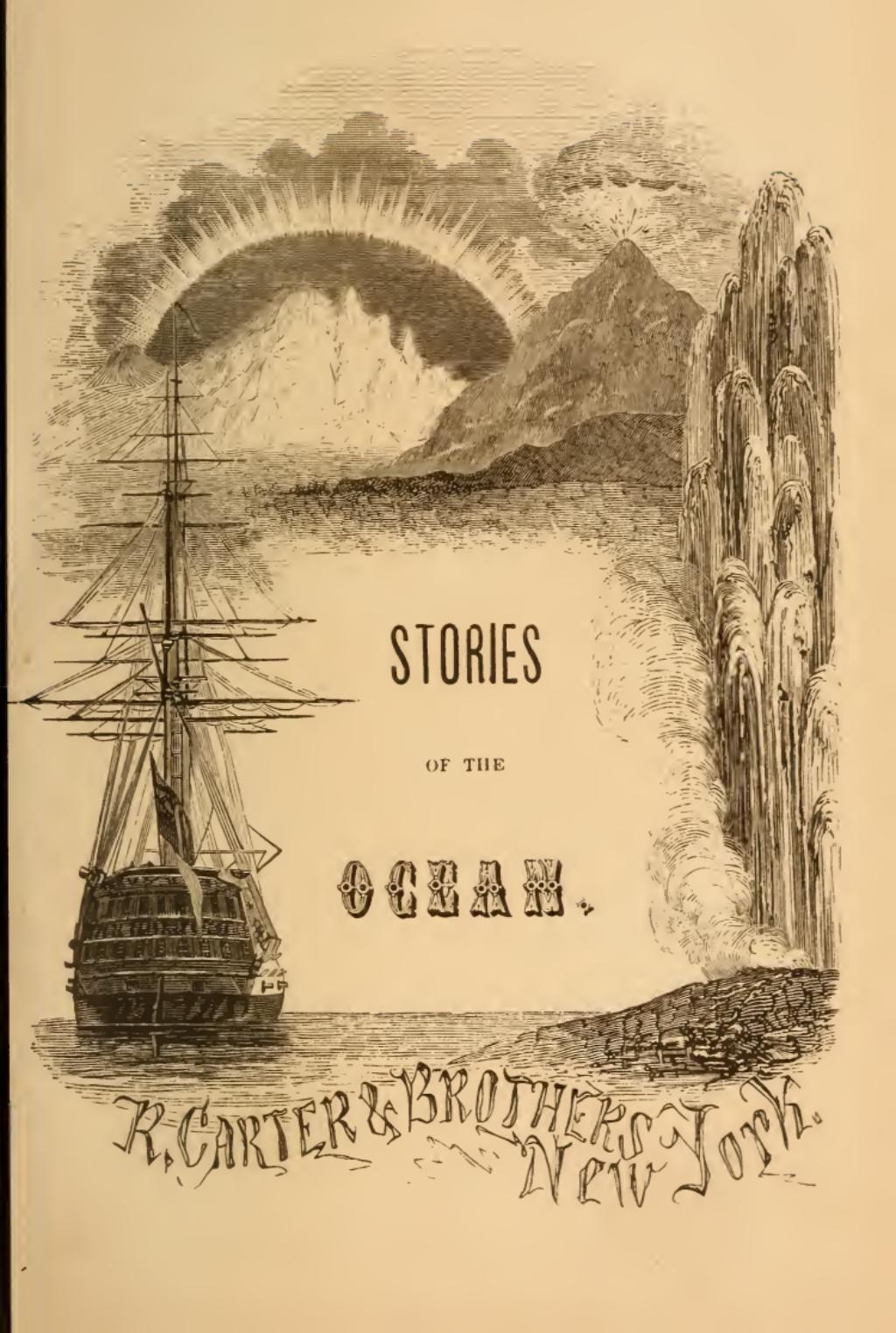
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FRONTISPICE

Tales of the Ocean.



STORIES

OF THE

OCEAN.

R. CARTER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.



STORIES OF THE OCEAN;

OR,

Gems from Sea-Faring Life.

BY

REV. JOHN SPAULDING,

LATE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S
FRIEND SOCIETY.

"O Lord, the earth is full of thy riches!
So is this great and wide sea."—PSALM 104; 24, 25.



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P R E F A C E.

RAMBLING along the ocean-shore, at one time a smooth pebble has turned up; at another a polished shell; then a rare pearl; and at the next step a precious gem. The within are a part of a twenty years' collection. Their aim is, to interest and instruct the mind; to impress and improve the heart. If they shall accomplish this object, and prove "like apples of gold in pictures of silver," the pleasure of their discovery will be renewed, and the pains of collecting them will be amply rewarded.

I asked the sea to yield its dead,—
The beautiful and brave,
The noble hearts, the lofty souls,
In its dark chambers laid;—
To give them up, and keep its gold
And pearls and precious stones,
Its argosies of wealth untold
Within its boundless mines:—

Or if this cannot be, at least
Cast up their dear remains,
To sleep where sleeps their fathers' dust,
In valleys, hills, and plains.

But to my prayer, my earnest plea,
With frowning lip and brow,
The proud, the dark, mysterious sea
Most sternly answered—*No!*
But richer gifts than these I give—
Far nobler wealth impart;
Such *acts* and *thoughts* as *ever* live—
The *gems* of mind and heart.

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I.

Gems of Bravery.

(9)

“KEEP OFF, OR WE’LL SINK YOU.”

N 1793 a large East India fleet lay at Spithead, when a serious mutiny occurred on board the Dutton. The officers, having lost their commander, were completely paralyzed. Captain Samson and Lieutenant Lucas, who had come on board to their assistance from His Majesty's ship the Regulus, had previously left, in the hope that their absence would restore quietness and order. But the effect was the reverse. The mutineers were determined to carry the Dutton into a French port, or blow her up. At this critical juncture, amidst a fleet of boats hovering around the ship, the boat of the Melville Castle, bearing her gallant Captain, James Haldane, approached.

“Keep off, or we'll sink you!” shouted the furious mutineers. Ordering his men to veer round by the stern, in a few moments he stood on the quarter-deck. His first object was, to calm and reassure the officers; and then, cutlass in hand, calmly reasoning with the men, and demanding what they hoped to effect in the presence of twenty sail of the line, he soon cleared the quarter-deck.

Still observing much confusion, and ascertaining where the chief danger lay, he sprang in a moment to the door of the powder magazine. Two of the crew, maddened with rage and rum, stood, one in the act of wrenching off the door, and the other with a shovel full of live coals ready to throw in! Putting a pistol to the breast of the man with the iron bar, and telling him if he stirred he was a dead man, Captain Haldane, with an air which showed that resistance was out of the question, ordered them both in irons. The other ringleaders were soon secured, and order again ruled on board the Dutton.

“HE WAS NOT A MAN TO QUAIL.”

“ Such a man,” says his biographer, “ was James Haldane. The habits he had acquired at sea, in battling with the elements and with the untamed energy of rude and fearless men, stood him in stead when called to contend for liberty of speech and the worship of God. . . . He was not a man to quail before priestly intolerance, or magisterial frowns. Dignified in manner, commanding in speech, fearless in courage, unhesitating in action, he everywhere met the rising storm with the boldness of a British sailor, and the courtesy of a British gentleman, as well as with the uprightness and the unoffensiveness of a true Christian.”

“NEVER LET THIS BE VISIBLE.”

When Admiral Lord Exmouth was Commander-in-chief in the North seas, in a private letter to a friend he described a scene which

transpired fifteen years before, on the rocks under the citadel at Plymouth. Date, Jan. 26, 1796. The wrecked ship was crowded with troops and their families bound to the West Indies.

“ Why do you ask me to relate the wreck of the Dutton ? Susan (Lady Exmouth) and I were driving to a dinner-party at Plymouth, when we saw crowds running to the Hoe ; and, learning it was a wreck, I left the carriage to take her on, and joined the crowd. I saw the loss of the whole five or six hundred was inevitable without somebody to direct them, for the last officer was pulled on shore as I reached the surf. I urged their return, which was refused ; upon which I made the rope fast to myself, and was hauled through the surf on board,—established order, and did not leave her until every soul was saved but the boatswain, who would not go before me. I got safe to the shore and so did he, and the ship went all to pieces ; but I was laid in bed for a week by getting under

the mainmast, which had fallen toward the shore ; and my back was cured by Lord Spencer's having conveyed to me by letter His Majesty's intention to dub me baronet. No more have I to say, except that I felt more pleasure in giving to a mother's arms a dear little infant only three weeks old, than I ever felt in my life before ; and both were saved. The struggle she had to intrust me with the bantling was a scene I cannot describe ; nor need you, and consequently you will never let this be visible."

"PULL ON."

"Our boat's crew," said one of them, "fastened to a large sperm whale about three o'clock in the afternoon. The animal dived, and the harpoon drew. The wind was light, and he laid his course directly to windward. We succeeded after a long chase in fastening again ; but the stroke of the harpoon seemed only to redouble his vigor. He started off

like an affrighted race-horse. Soon the shades of evening fell. There was time sufficient in that starry clime to reach the vessel. The alternative was presented of losing the whale, or being lost ourselves. The mate put the question to vote—‘Shall we pull on, or cut the line and row for the vessel? If we pull on, it is either the *whale* or a *stove boat*.’ The answer was unanimous to *pull on!* In twenty minutes the whale was dead. In the morning the vessel was a speck on the ocean. At mid-day the whale was along side.”

NO PROTECTION BUT HER FLAG.

In 1799 Captain Tingey commanded the Ganges. It was in the time of the French war; and the same year he was sent to watch the passage between Cuba and St. Domingo, when he took Le Vengeur, Le Rabateuse, L’Eugene, and L’Esperance. Being off Cape Nicola Mole, he was boarded by a boat be-

longing to the English frigate Surprise, and a demand made for all the Englishmen on board, and also for permission to examine the protections of the American seamen. Captain Tingey returned the following manly and noble answer: "A public ship carries no protection for her men but her flag. I do not expect to succeed in a contest with you; but I will die at my quarters before a man shall be taken from the ship." The crew gave three hearty cheers, hastened with alacrity to their quarters, and called for Yankee Doodle. The Captain of the Surprise, on hearing the determination of the Yankees, chose rather to pursue his course than to battle for dead men.

"RUN OVER THE PIRATE."

Admiral Wager, of the British navy, began his career upon the ocean as an apprentice to an honest old Quaker, Captain Hull, of Newport, R. I. On the first trial of his

metal, he gave proof of those qualities so essential to a seaman, and especially an officer—coolness and courage. His master's ship, commanded by his master, was approached by a piratical schooner, full of men thirsting for spoils and blood. Captain Hull's Quakerism would not allow him to defend himself or his vessel; but young Wager was no Quaker, and determined that the guilt of his blood should not, if he could help it, be upon the pirates' heads. After a good deal of earnest entreaty, and a little respectable force, he got the good Captain into the cabin, and accidentally fastened him in.

Taking command of the ship, he made hasty and efficient preparation to run over the pirate. Hull, getting up the companion-way, watched his movements with intense interest, and guessing his object, quietly said, "*Charles, if thee intends to run over that schooner, thee must put the helm a little more to the starboard.*" Charles observed the

direction ; the ship went directly over and sunk the schooner, and every pirate perished.

This exploit procured for Charles a commission in the British navy, and thus laid the foundation of his fame and fortune.

“HAVE WE NO BOUSSARD HERE?”

Have you ever read the story of the Norman pilot ? It is found in the “Excursions in Normandy.” In the night of the 21st of August, 1777, in a most tremendous storm, a vessel attempted to turn into the harbor of Dieppe. Boussard, the pilot, who was never missing when the tempest raged, was on the pier, and seeing that the Captain of the ship made several false manœuvres, he called to him with his speaking trumpet, directing him what to do, and strove by gestures to render himself intelligible. Owing to the storm and the darkness his efforts proved unavailing, and the ship struck about thirty fathoms

above the pier. Everybody, except Boussard, gave the crew up for lost. Determined to save them, he was going to tie a rope round his body in order to carry it to the ship: but his wife and children and friends surrounded, and besought him not to rush uselessly into certain destruction. Boussard, listening only to the voice of humanity, at length prevailed on them to take home his wife and children. Having tied one end of the rope around him, and fastened the other to the pier, he plunged into the sea.

Twenty times did the waves hurl him back upon the beach, and as often did he plunge again into the raging billows. A fresh wave flung him towards the ship, and he disappeared beneath her. A general cry of horror proclaimed his destruction; but he had only dived, to lay hold of a sailor which the sea had swept from the deck, and whom he contrived to take senseless to the shore. A last attempt to reach the ship proved successful; he climbed her side, and conveved to the

crew the rope by which, one after another, they were drawn ashore. But Boussard had not yet finished his glorious work. Exhausted by his exertions, he was conducted by his friends to the nearest house. A gust of wind wafted to the shore the cry of a passenger who had been left behind, and Boussard soon learned that there was another fellow-creature to save. He felt his strength renewed ; and before those about him were aware, he had rushed out of the house, plunged again into the sea, and was battling with the same difficulties which he had before encountered, and which he overcame with the like success. The passenger was saved. Eight out of ten persons owed their lives to his courageous exertions. Louis XVI made him a present of a thousand francs, and settled on him a pension of three hundred.

He was appointed keeper of the Pier Lighthouse—an office which has ever since been held by the Boussards, descending from father to son ; and not a year has passed unmarked

by deeds worthy of the first possessor. Close to the parapet at the pier of Dieppe is a pole, covered with copper, to which is fastened a chain. Here, in every storm since 1777, whether in the night or day, a Boussard has taken his station, clinging to the chain, and served as a warning voice to those whom danger and a tempestuous sea pursued into the harbor. And though the waves broke over him—though they washed him from his post of honor—rising from their bosom, he would again give advice with his speaking-trumpet, in defiance of the sea and its efforts. Fifty times has a Boussard risked his life to save the lives of others. Napoleon ordered a house to be built for him close to the spot where the first Boussard performed his heroic achievement. He gave him the cross of honor. For more than half a century, whenever there has been a vessel or a fellow-creature to save, the people have asked, “Have we no Boussard here?”

“MY CHILD! MY CHILD!”

When the “Great Fire” was raging in the city of New York on that bitter cold night, Dec. 16, 1835, a woman was seen in the street, crying “My child! my child!” She had escaped from the upper story of a blazing building, leaving her child in bed. Among those who heard the cry was William H. Rindge, of Portsmouth, N. H. Let Mrs. Sigourney finish the story :

“A wanderer from the wave,
A sailor, marked her woe ;
And in his bosom woke
The sympathetic glow :—
Quick up the burning stairs,
With daring feet he flew,
Though sable clouds of stifling smoke
Concealed him from the view :—”

But presently he reappeared, and laid the child safe in its mother’s arms !

“The mother’s speechless tears
Forth like a torrent sped ;
Yet e’er the throng could learn his name
The generous tar had fled :

Not for the praise of men
He wrought this deed of love,
But on a bright, unfading page
'Tis registered above."

"MOTHER, I SEE DAYLIGHT."

When the schooner Oraloo was knocked down, and the vessels which came to her relief had taken off, as they supposed, all who were alive, as Captain Ford and a sailor by the name of Abraham Heath were shoving from the wreck, Heath thought he heard a faint knocking, and said to the Captain, "*There is some one alive on board of that vessel, and here goes to save her or go with her!*" The boat was put back and he put on board. Through the hole previously cut in the deck, about sixteen inches square, he first descended into the cabin nearly full of water. Here, for the want of room and breath, he labored with almost incredible difficulty and perseverance in knocking away one partition after another of the rolling

vessel. At one time he lost his axe and was obliged to dive for it. At length he came to the *cook's dish room*, a small place four feet and a half one way, by three and a half the other, and four and a half high. Into this small room Mrs. Ford and her little boy had gone; and when the vessel was capsized, the door was shut and held fast by the rushing water. As soon as the axe had made an opening, the first sound that greeted the noble sailor's ears was, "*Mother, I see daylight.*" And now came his severest struggle, —to get them out alive! His heroism was crowned with success, and deserves to be recorded in letters of gold for future admiration and imitation.

II.

Gems of Common Sense.

(27)

A SAILOR'S REMEDIES.

OR sea-sickness, stay on shore. For drunkenness, drink cold water, and repeat the prescription till you obtain relief. For the gout, board with the printer. To keep out of jail, get out of debt, and keep out of debt. To avoid trouble, give the land-sharks and the pettifoggers a wide berth. To please everybody, mind your own business.

NAME ON THE MUSTER-ROLL.

While the frigate United States was drawing near the Macedonian, a boy on board said to Decatur—"Commodore, I wish you would put my name on the muster-roll!" "What for?" "That I may get a share of the prize-money." It was done. After the

capture, the Commodore said, "Well, Ned, she's ours, and your share of the prize-money will be about \$200 ; what will you do with it ?" "I'll send \$100 to my mother, and the other shall send me to school." Not long after that boy was a midshipman.

"CALL HIM SAILOR."

Admiral Collingwood never used any coarse or violent language to the men himself, nor permitted it in others. "If you do not know a man's name," he used to say, "call him sailor, and not 'you, sir,' and such other appellations ; they are offensive and improper."

ATHEISM IN A STORM.

Among our passengers was one who pretended to disbelieve in the existence of God. On the evening of the 7th of July I had retired to my berth and was lost in unconscious

slumber, but soon I awoke amidst clamor and confusion. I hastily put on my clothes, and went on deck, where I beheld an appalling scene. The fury of the storm had fairly torn the bowsprit to pieces, and the sail was in complete rags ; the cook's house had met the same fate, and fragments were strewed over the deck ; one of the boats was lost, and the waves were washing over the brig at a fearful rate, threatening to carry everything away. Twice was the brig on her beam-ends, but she soon righted. I was about going down in the cabin, when I was arrested with the cry of "*Lord, have mercy on us !*" in a low, fearful, agonized tone. I turned round, and, lo ! Mr. W., who, until now, had denied, but had just found out the existence of a God !

"NE'ER DID I TOUCH THE CIRCEAN BOWL."

"I have followed the ocean," said a distinguished man, "in early life, in the capacity

of a common sailor. I have on that element encountered some of the hardest gales that ever blew, as well as the coldest weather, perhaps, that ever made a poor seaman's heart shrink within him. In this course of life, which I pursued about five years, besides exposure to cold, rains, storms and tempests, I more than once endured sickness, but never, during the whole period, did I taste a drop of ardent spirits."

"High on the tott'ring mast I've stood,
Above the raging wave and flood ;
The tempest beating on my head ;
The howling blast of winter dread,
Which keenly pierced my shiv'ring frame,
And all but quenched my spirit's flame !
But still, to raise my drooping soul,
Ne'er did I touch the Circean bowl,
Whose dregs in veins of others ran,
And RAISED the BRUTE—but SUNK the MAN."

"I SHALL JOIN HIS CHURCH."

While the revival in W. was in progress, sectarian jealousy was awakened, and every effort made to draw away the converts.

One of the sailors said, in reply to the question what church he intended to join : “ Mr. A—— has used every means to draw me into his church, and Mr. B—— has been equally anxious to draw me into his church. Mr. M—— has said nothing about church, but seemed only anxious to lead me to heaven. *I shall join his church.*”

“SWEAR AWAY, FRIEND.”

A sailor on one of the wharves in Boston was swearing away very boisterously, when one of the Society of Friends passing along, accosted him quietly, and urged him to continue the exercise. Said he, “ Swear away, friend,—swear away till thee gets all that bad stuff out of thee, for thee can never go to heaven with that stuff in thine heart.” The sailor paused, and with a look of astonishment and shame, bowed to the honest Quaker, and retired from the crowd which his turbulence had gathered round him.

“SOULS ON BOARD.”

A minister of the gospel, on board a vessel sailing in a heavy sea along a dangerous reef of rocks, overheard a debate between some of the sailors and the man at the helm, as to whether they would be able to clear the rocks without making another tack, when the captain gave orders to put off and avoid all risk.

On the minister expressing his gratification that they had so careful a commander, he replied, “It is necessary that I should be very careful, because I have souls on board. I think of my responsibility ; and should anything happen, through carelessness, I should have a great deal to answer for. I wish never to forget, sir, that *souls* are very valuable !”

“WELL, WHO IS HE?”

As the Rev. Samuel Kilpin was preaching on a certain occasion, he spoke of the “Deity.”

A sailor who was listening immediately started from his seat, his elbows fully spread, exclaiming, “*Deity*—well, who is he? Is he our God Almighty?” The attendants were about to turn him out; but the minister stood reproved, and requested him to resume his seat with the remark, “Yes, my friend, I did mean the Almighty God.” The sailor rejoined, “I thought so, but was not quite sure; I never heard that name before.” The humbled minister replied, “You had a right to inquire; I was to blame; whilst delivering God’s message of mercy and justice to immortal souls, I ought not to have given my divine Master a name which prevented the message from being understood.”

“WHAT IS THE USE?”

A Universalist was appointed Chaplain in the United States Navy, and reported for duty on board a ship fitting for sea. His

creed very soon became known to the sailors, and was freely discussed in their messes.

“If we are all so good that we are going to heaven,” said an old tar, “what is the use in overhauling one’s sins? It only gives a man a bloody sight of trouble for nothing.”

“If we are on the right tack,” said another, “and must bring up at the right port, what is the use of preaching and praying about it?”

“If we trust this doctrine and it don’t turn out to be true, there’ll be — to pay,” exclaimed a third.

These sentiments were shared in by the whole crew, and soon became known to the newly appointed Chaplain, who was wise enough to resign his commission.—*Rev. Walter Colton.*

LET GO!

The writer well remembers Monday evening, April 7, 1845, when he stood on the

bank of the Hudson in a snow squall, waiting to take passage in the steamer Swallow for New York. It was about eight o'clock when she came, and, veering out of the channel, went crash upon a rock! Several lives were lost. Among those who jumped overboard, was one man with a bag containing fifteen hundred dollars in gold. Once, twice it sunk him, till he was compelled to *let go*.—
See 1 Tim., 6 : 9.

III.

Gems of Fidelity.

(39)

“A GOOD MOTHER WHO HAS SO GOOD
A SON.”

URING the war between England and France, an English sailor was taken, and, in his daring attempt to escape, fled to the woods on the sea-shore, where with his knife he made a boat entirely of the bark of trees. From his lookout in a tree-top one day he descried, at no great distance, the flag of a British cruiser. Seizing his boat on his back, he ran to the shore and committed himself to the mercy of the waves. He was pursued, arrested, and loaded with chains. Both the sailor and his boat now became objects of much curiosity. Even the Emperor, hearing of the affair, sent for him. “You must,” said Napoleon, “have a great desire to see your country again, since you could resolve to trust yourself on the open sea in so frail a bark. I suppose you

have left a sweetheart there." "No," said the sailor, "but a poor and infirm mother, whom I was anxious to see." "And you shall see her," answered Napoleon, giving orders at the same time to set him at liberty, and put into his hand a considerable sum of money for his mother ; adding, "she must be a good mother who has so good a son."

"IF ANYTHING TURNS UP I CAN COME
BACK AGAIN."

John Wolfenden received an honorable discharge from the U. S. Navy, with a view of his admission into the Naval Asylum at Philadelphia, in 1842. The Secretary of the Navy accompanied the discharge with a letter expressing high approbation of his conduct and fidelity during a service of nearly forty-five years.

He entered the navy in the year 1798, and continued in the service up to 1852, being

then 77 years of age. At the time of his discharge he was attached to the ship North Carolina. Some time before, Captain Gregory had proposed to him, that, as he was now getting old, it would be advantageous to him to have his discharge, and be admitted to the Naval Asylum in Philadelphia, where he would be well taken care of during the remainder of his life. The old tar, who had been in active service ever since he joined the navy, and had been engaged in action many times, reflected a moment, and, after hitching up his unmentionables two or three times, replied, "I don't think, Captain, as how it would look well for me to leave active *service* till after the Boundary question is settled, because, you know, if there should be a war, I should not like to have it said that I skulked."

Soon after it had been announced that Lord Ashburton had concluded the treaty settling the Boundary question, the old veteran made application to Captain Gregory

for his discharge, saying, that "now the Boundary question is settled, I thought I might as well go ; and besides, you know, Captain," said he, "if anything turns up I can come back again."

"I WILL NOT GO AWAY TO BREAK MY
MOTHER'S HEART."

Young George Washington was about to go to sea as midshipman ; everything was arranged ; the vessel lay out opposite his father's house ; the little boat had come on shore to take him off, and his whole heart was bent on going. After his trunk had been carried down to the boat, he went to bid his mother farewell, and he saw the tears bursting from her eyes. However, he said nothing to her ; but he saw that his mother would be distressed if he went, and perhaps never be happy again. He just turned round to the servant and said, " Go and tell them to fetch



“I CAN TRY, SIR.”

Tales of the Ocean.

my trunk back : I will not go away to break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with his decision, and said to him, " George, God has promised to bless the children that honor their parents, and I believe he will bless you."

"I CAN TRY, SIR."

A few years ago a fire broke out in the hold of an American steamer, at 4 o'clock P. M., and ten miles from shore. John Maynard, an old pilot, was at the helm. At one time the fire seemed extinguished ; but suddenly it broke out again, when the excited passengers gathered around the wheel-house, teasing the pilot with improper and useless questions : to which he replied, " Less talking and more praying : better for us and none the worse for the boat."

" Mr. Maynard," said the Captain, " keep her S. W. ; we must go ashore anywhere."

The flames soon drove the passengers and

sailors forward, leaving John Maynard, cut off from them by smoke and fire, at the helm alone.

“Can you hold on five minutes longer, Mr. Maynard?” shouted the Captain. “*I will try, sir!*” was his noble reply.

As the flames came nearer, singeing his hair, and rendering it impossible for him to stand erect at his post, he still held the boat to her course by alternating first the right, then the left hand, till he felt her keel grate on the shore, and heard the Captain say, “*Save the women first!*”

All escaped except John Maynard, the old and faithful pilot.

WHY HE DID NOT LET GO.

When the transport ship Empire struck near Fowl Key, but one man was lost, and he was steering the ship. He attempted to save her by putting the helm hard down;

but when nearly hard down the rudder struck the rocks, carrying him over and under the wheel several times, at each revolution the handles of the wheel tearing his thigh most fearfully. Indeed, the flesh was literally torn off from the knee to the hip. When about to die from his injuries, Lieutenant Elder asked the brave man why he did not let go. His noble reply was, "Four hundred lives are more valuable than one." .

"NEVER WAS THERE A HARDER
STRUGGLE."

The clipper ship Trade Wind, Captain Nathaniel Webber, with a crew of thirty men, and eight missionaries and their families, as passengers, left New York, Nov. 13, 1852, for San Francisco. On the morning of the 21st day out, when about four hundred and fifty miles from land ; she was discovered to be on fire in her cargo. A hole was cut through the deck, and bales of goods hoisted out to make room for the sailors to

go down, one at a time, and turn through a hose from the force-pump a stream of water on the burning mass. One by one they fell, suffocated and insensible from the carbonic acid gas ; and as soon as one was dragged out, another, no less bold, took his place and shared his fate, till each of the sixty had taken his turn—and some of them five or six times—in the suffocation of dying, and the convulsive agonies of coming to life again. “At one time,” says an eye-witness, “I counted *sixteen* of these generous fellows lying together on the deck. As soon as one was recovered sufficiently to work, he would go back and offer his services again.”

“Thus,” adds another, “several times did some of them throw themselves down into the smoking, gaseous hold, as if determined to extinguish the fire, or die in the attempt. Never in any battle was courage more fully tried. Never was there a harder struggle than this day exhibited.” And never was there sincerer joy over a victory.

"THERE WAS JOHN ON HIS KNEES."

A shipmaster in New York, having discharged his crew and cargo, wanted a trusty man to take charge of his ship during a few days' absence in the country. John —, a sailor, was recommended. But he had no confidence in John, or any other sailor ; he believed they would all steal when opportunities offered. However, as he could do no better, after having put everything possible under lock and key, he duly installed John as ship-keeper. Before leaving the city next morning, he thought he would take an early peep at his ship. So he quietly stepped on board, and, unperceived, carefully opened the cabin door. There was John on his knees, with the Bible open before him ! The Captain as carefully closed the door, and waited till John appeared, when he thus addressed him : "John"—handing him at the same time a bunch of keys from his pocket—"John, you may open all those drawers and trunks, and

air those things. John, keep a sharp look-out for those scamps along the wharves. John, keep everything snug ; I'll be back on Tuesday."

"GOD MUST HAVE DONE IT."

"When you saw me here in February," said Captain M., to the seamen's chaplain at Rio de Janeiro, "I had a black assistant steward, whose conduct was so outrageous that I had a good mind to drop him here. But I concluded to keep him. I gave him a most severe talking, and had scarcely anything to do with him ; in short, I saw but little of him for a long time. At length I was attracted by his neatness, cleanliness, and steadiness. What's got into the boy, thought I to myself. I began to watch him. I found him going into the cabin oftener than I wished. I did not like that. One day I went down unexpectedly, and, lo and behold, I found him in an out-of-the-way corner, *down*

on his knees praying! I believe he was converted by the grace of God. There had been no one to talk with him, he could not read, and God must have done it. It changed the whole course of his life. He instantly set about learning to read, and was faithful to me. At Melbourne, where sailors were daily deserting ships to go to the mines, where even my second mate stole a boat and ran away, this boy stuck to the ship, and was a pattern of goodness, obedience, and fidelity."

A HEROIC AND FAITHFUL WIFE.

In August, 1856, the ship Neptune's Car, Captain Joshua A. Patten, sailed from New York for San Francisco. His young wife, but twenty years of age, who had been with him a previous voyage of seventeen months, now accompanied him. During the previous voyage, by way of amusement, she had sometimes aided her husband in his nautical observations, working up the time from the

chronometers, and keeping the reckoning of the ship. Little did she think how soon her practical seamanship would be put to the test. As they were nearing the Straits of Magellan, her husband was taken with a disease which developed in a brain fever. When he could navigate his ship no longer, nor even give personal orders, he found to his dismay that his first officer was utterly incompetent to take charge, and that not an officer on board was qualified to take the ship into port. The first mate was anxious to run the vessel into Valparaiso, but this the Captain earnestly forbade, or any other South American port, lest the crew might desert, and the cargo be destroyed before the consignees could send for the vessel. In this emergency, Mrs. Patten, described to be "of medium stature, delicate complexion, black eyes, and much feminine softness and grace," assumed the command of the ship! The pastime of the former voyage was no play now. Between working up the intricate

calculations of nautical observations, making entries in the log-book, and accurately tracing out the position of the ship on the chart ; and studying medicine to know how to treat intelligently her sick husband, the whole woman and wife were developed. She shaved his head, applied soothing remedies, and eventually succeeded in carrying him through the crisis of his complaint. In the mean time the rough sailors obeyed "the little woman," as they called her, with a will.

About a week after she took the command, the mate wrote her a letter, reminding her of the dangers of the coast, and of the great responsibilities she had assumed, and offered to take charge of the ship. She replied that, as in the opinion of her husband he was unfit for the office, she could not consent. Stung by this rebuff, he tried to stir up the crew to mutiny against her ; but she called the other mates and sailors aft, and appealed to them to stand by her in this hour of trial. This they resolved to do, to a man ; and it was

most pleasing to witness the cheerful and prompt alacrity with which the noble fellows obeyed her orders.

By this time the ship was nearly up to the latitude of Valparaiso ; the Captain was partially recovered, though too weak for any mental or physical exertion, and the mate, under promise of good behavior, was partially performing duty. But she discovered that he was steering the ship off her course, and making for Valparaiso,—and apprised her husband of the fact. He called the mate before him to explain his conduct, when the mate replied that he could not keep the ship nearer her course. The Captain then had his cot moved to a part of the cabin where he could keep his eye on the compass, and found the mate still steering for Valparaiso. To put a stop to further annoyance from this source, he ordered all hands aft, when he deposed the first mate and put the second in his place. Soon after he had a relapse, and for twenty-five days before reaching port,

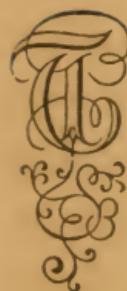
was totally blind. At length, after a voyage of one hundred and twenty days, Mrs. Captain Patten brought the ship safely into the Bay of San Francisco. Thence, with her sick husband, she came by steamer to New York, and home to Boston. In consideration of her heroism and fidelity, the Underwriters in New York addressed her a handsome letter, inclosing a present of **ONE THOUSAND DOL-
LARS.**

IV.

Gems of Generosity.

(57)

“FLING IT TO TOM.”

WO boats were sent out to relieve a vessel in distress. The fury of the tempest upset the boat containing three sailors, and one of them sunk. To one of the two floating sailors a rope was thrown from the other boat, but he refused it, crying out, “Fling it to Tom—he’s just ready to go down ; I can stand it a little longer.” They did so, and soon saved them both.

“A WARM HEART THERE.”

A few years ago two vessels were sunk on the coast of Ireland, in the same gale, and near to each other. At the mast-head of the one, Henry Snow, Esq., of Larkfield, County of Kilkenny, found a refuge from a watery grave ; and a sailor at the other. The

weather being very cold, Mr. Snow became benumbed and exhausted, and was making up his mind to yield to his fate. The sailor seeing him failing, cried out, "Avast! not so fast, my hearty; I'll be with you presently." Throwing himself into the sea, he swam over to him. "Hold on," said he, "with one hand, and thrust the other into my bosom. There's a warm heart there; I'll warrant you it will soon warm." Thus by alternately warming one hand in the sailor's bosom, and holding on with the other, Mr. Snow survived, till the long-looked-for relief came to them both.

"NEVER MIND, MY GOOD 'OMAN."

The "Boston Herald" tells the following characteristic story: "A poor widow, who occupied two rooms in the lower part of Commercial street, since the death of her husband, about six months since, has been compelled to earn a living for herself and family of young children by taking in

washing ; and with all her industry and economy, her quarterly rent-bill became due before she could scrape enough together to discharge it. Her landlord became importunate. She begged for time. He gave her two days, stating that if her rent was not then paid every stick of her furniture should be put out of doors.

“The time arrived, when, agreeable to promise, his lackeys were sent down, and the threat was begun to be put in execution. The poor woman prayed the unfeeling landlord to desist in his purpose, but her prayers were in vain. At length, giving up entirely to despair and wounded pride, she seated herself upon her forlorn bed, with her children crying around her. At this moment two jolly American tars happened by, and, espying the work going on, the door open, and the wretched woman and her children weeping, immediately stopped their course, and began to reconnoitre.

“‘I say, shipmate,’ cried one, ‘there is

some foul play going on in these waters ; let's overhaul the craft !'

" 'Aye, aye,' replied the other ; ' the young 'oman has hoisted signals of distress ; her pumps are going in right earnest ; lets give her a long hail.'

" The tars called the woman to them, and from her soon learned the whole of her story.

" ' Well, now, shipmate, if that land-pirate hadn't ought to be lathered with hot tar, scraped with a rusty hoop, and then keel-hauled, for laying his grapping-irons on her few loose spars that are scattered about this wreck. Never mind, my good 'oman, keep your spirits up, and we'll set you in the right course, with plenty of ballast and provisions. I say, you land-lubbers, just belay there upon them things—we'll be responsible for the damage.

" ' How much do you owe this land-pirate ? ' The woman told him the amount, when Jack took from his wallet the same in hard currency, paid the bill, and made the woman a

present of a handful of silver ; while his shipmate, in the meantime, went to a butcher's shop, near by, and brought back a large joint of meat for the dinner of herself and poor children. They left, after receiving the poor woman's blessings and wishes for their prosperity, whistling through the streets as though nothing had happened."

"WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

A sailor, just returned from the sea, and paid off, met a brother sailor with a wooden leg in one of our streets, and thus accosted him : "Well, shipmate, what's the matter with your starboard limb ?" "Oh, I have been disabled, and laid up as a poor hulk." "Well, as you have but one leg, and I have two, and you need a helping hand, here, take this," handing him two gold pieces—about five dollars—and passed on.

“EIGHT HUNDRED DOLLARS.”

On the 5th of July, 1841, Daniel Whitehorn, second gunner on board the U. S. ship Vincennes, in the performance of his duty in firing a salute, lost the use of his left hand, and was thus disabled from obtaining a livelihood by future sea-service. This man had faithfully served his country in the navy fourteen years; during which time he had supported his infirm and highly respectable mother. His shipmates now took his case into a generous consideration. The officers and crews of the Vincennes, the brig Porpoise, and the schooner Flying Fish, immediately subscribed and deposited in the Seamen's Bank for Savings, New York, eight hundred dollars to his credit, and for his benefit.

“COME, TAKE A DIP.”

A sailor, on presenting a check for payment at one of the banks in New York, said

he wanted none of their paper, but the “round ones.” So the round ones were counted out to him, and for the want of a handkerchief were scraped into his tarpaulin and stowed away under his arm. With his silver load he started down the street, and presently met a brother sailor with a woe-begone countenance.

“What cheer, shipmate?” “Cheer, ho!” and he went on with his sorrowful tale, till interrupted by a sunny view of the tarpaulin, and the exhortation, “Come, shipmate! come, take a dip.”

“I WOULD GIVE ONE-THIRD OF WHAT
I HAD LEFT.”

The ship Astracan, Captain Wippen, of Portland, Me., was dismasted in a violent hurricane, Oct. 3, 1843, on her passage from Boston to New Orleans, in lat. 33° N. and lon. 68° W. Her decks were swept of everything. On the morning after the disaster

there was no water on board, save what there was in a few barrels of cranberries among the cargo. For six days twenty-one souls quenched their thirst from eating cranberries, and what little water they were packed in. On the 9th a vessel hove in sight to the windward, and came so near that a man was seen, spy-glass in hand, standing on her quarter-deck, and must have seen the Astracan's flag of distress. Yet the brute stood on his course, leaving the distressed to their fate. The same day the barque Sarah, Captain Foster, from Boston for Matanzas, hove in sight, and came to their relief. She took off four of the crew and one passenger, and supplied those who remained to work the disabled ship into port, with three casks of water —*one-third of all he had.*

In reply to a passenger, who remonstrated with Captain Foster for his great liberality in giving away so much, and asked what he would do if he fell in with another vessel in distress for want of water, the noble man,

with sailor-like energy, said, "*I would give one-third of what I had left.*"

"HE SHA'NT HAVE A CENT."

In the town of S——, the good ladies started the project of making their minister the present of a new suit of clothes. Among those zealous in the work was the mother of a sailor absent at sea. Before a sufficient sum was raised, he returned with his wages in his pocket, when his mother boarded him again and again for a donation. Each time he met her importunity with a shake of the head, and an emphatic *not a cent*. She remonstrated, and asked the reason. "Why, mother," said he, "I've now been home six weeks, and he has not prayed for sailors once, and *he sha'n't have a cent*."

A DOUBLE TESTIMONIAL.

The "Charleston Courier," some time since, related the daring and generous act of a

sailor named James Booth, in plunging after a lady who had fallen overboard from the packet ship New York, in that harbor, and sustaining her till they were both rescued by a boat.

On his reaching shore, a purse of twelve dollars was made up by the by-standers, and presented to him as a tribute to his gallantry and humanity ; and thereupon the generous fellow immediately distributed the amount among some negroes, attached to a canoe, who had relieved both him and the lady from their perilous situation, before the ship's boat despatched to their aid had reached them, saying, " But for these poor fellows, both of us might have gone to the bottom."

At the request of several gentlemen, adds the " Courier," another purse is about to be made up, to present the gallant tar with a medal, in double testimonial of his intrepidity and generosity.

EIGHTY DOLLARS EXTRA.

As the ship Rainbow, of New York, weighed anchor in the Bay of Canton, Captain Land addressing his men said, " My lads, if you will put this ship alongside the wharf in New York in eighty days, I will give you *eighty dollars extra.*" Never did a ship ride the waves better. She accomplished her task, and when the men were paid their extra eighty, they voted to give \$15 to the New York Bible Society ; \$25 to the " Floating Church of our Saviour ;" and \$40 to the Rev. Henry Chase, to be applied to the relief of destitute families of seamen.

HIS OWN EXECUTOR.

" Fair boy ! the wanderings of thy way
It is not mine to trace,
Through buoyant youth's exultant day,
Or manhood's bolder race."

Yet it is mine to record a single incident of his sea-faring life, and some of his conse-

quent generous acts. He had been on the ocean about twenty years, when, as he lay in his berth one night, in the gulf of Mexico, his thoughts turned to the perils of his calling, the merciful preservations he had experienced, his present condition as an unrenewed sinner, and the fearful awards of the world to come. "What," thought he, "if my ship should go down to-night, carrying me unprepared before God!" Thought begat conviction,—conviction so intense as to bring him from his berth to his Bible, and upon his knees with the cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The result was the possession of that "peace of God which passeth all understanding," and the entire consecration of his all to God. Shortly after, he retired from the sea to reside in the State of Illinois, where his large, generous acts commenced in erecting the first church which adorned the banks of the upper Mississippi. He next conceived the idea of founding a Female Seminary, to be to the

West what Mt. Holyoke and other similar institutions were to the East. Having completed it at an expense of *fifty-three thousand dollars*, he deeded it all to a Board of Trustees, to be used forever for the purpose of female education, reserving no interest or exclusive control in it to himself. Four years ago the Seminary had graduated about *thirteen hundred* young ladies. Thus has Captain Benjamin Godfrey become "like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not." One day, in answer to a friend who alluded to the immense good the Monticello Female Seminary had already accomplished, with grateful emotion he remarked, "*How much better it is, if a man has anything to give, to do it while he lives, that he may see its workings while he lives, than to lay it up for executors to give after he is dead and gone.*"

V.

Gems of Gratitude.

(73)

A BIRD OF PARADISE.



SAILOR, who had received some acts of kindness from a lady in New York, said to her on leaving for China, "I'll remember you, and show you when I come back that a sailor can be grateful." About two years after, he stood at the same door with a beautiful bird of Paradise in his hand, inquiring for that lady. "Will you give this to Mrs. S.?" said he to the servant; "and tell her I got it in Hong Kong; and tell her I remember—" "But Mrs. S. is dead;—"—"I remember—dead? You don't say she's dead!" bursting into tears. "Well, take it,—I can't carry it away: I brought it from China on purpose for her. Oh, is she dead!"

“FIRE!”

Campbell, in his letters from the South, relates the following: “An Algerine Captain had been taken during a piratical excursion by a French vessel, whose commander had treated him with marked humanity and kindness during his captivity, and had at last restored him to liberty. The Algerine recognized this officer in the person of one of the victims they were in the act of tying to the cannon’s mouth. He instantly flew to the Dey, implored for the Frenchman’s pardon, and stated the motive which made him sue for his life. The ferocious Dey refused to listen to him, and ordered the cannon to be fired. The Algerine unhesitatingly threw himself upon the Frenchman, embraced him, and, closely pressing him in his arms, turned to the gunner and calmly said, “Fire! Since I cannot save my benefactor, I will die with him.”

All the spectators were affected at the

sight ;—the gunner withdrew—and the people rescued the Frenchman in spite of the Dey, who, though unmoved at the scene, was unable to oppose any resistance.

“HE CLASPED OUR FEET AND BEGAN
TO KISS THEM.”

Dr. Parker, in his “Invitations to true happiness,” gives the following thrilling story as it was related to him by the mate. “I was at sea in the broad Atlantic as we now are. It was just such a bright moonlight night as this, and the sea was quite rough. The Captain had turned in, and I was upon watch, when suddenly there was a cry of ‘A man overboard !’ To go out in a boat was exceedingly dangerous. I could hardly make up my mind to command the hands to expose themselves. I volunteered to go myself, if two more would accompany me. Two generous fellows came forward, and in a few

moments the boat was lowered, and we were tossed upon a most frightful sea.

“As we rode upon the mountain wave, we discovered the man upon a distant billow. We heard his cry, and responded, ‘Coming!’ As we descended into the trough of the sea, we lost sight of the man, and heard nothing but the roar of the ocean. As we rose on the next wave, we saw him again, and distinctly heard his call. We gave him another word of encouragement, and pulled with all our strength. At the top of each successive wave we saw and heard him, and our hearts were filled with encouragement ; as often, in the trough of the sea, we almost abandoned the hope of success. The time seemed long, and the struggle was such as men never make but for life. We reached him just as he was ready to sink from exhaustion. When we had drawn him into the boat he was helpless and speechless. Our minds now turned towards the ship. She had rounded to, but, exhausted as we were, the distance between

us and the vessel was frightful. One false movement would have filled our boat and consigned us all to a watery grave. Yet we reached the vessel, and were drawn safely upon the deck. We were all exhausted, but the rescued man could neither speak nor walk ; yet he had a full sense of his condition. He clasped our feet and began to kiss them. We disengaged ourselves from his embrace. He then crawled after us, and as we stepped back to avoid him he followed us, looking up at one moment with smiles and tears, and then, patting our wet footprints with his hands, he kissed them with an eager fondness. I never witnessed such a scene in my life. I suppose if he had been our greatest enemy, he would have been perfectly subdued by our kindness. The man was a passenger. During the whole remaining part of the voyage he showed the deepest gratitude ; and when we reached the port he loaded us with presents."

“NO! WE WILL CARRY HIM.”

An immense concourse of people attended the funeral of Father Eastburn, the seamen's preacher, in Philadelphia. Among others there was a large procession of sailors, wearing crape on their arms. One of them, approaching the hearse-driver, asked, “What are you to receive for your services to-day?” On being told, the sailor replied, “Here is your money. Do you suppose we are going to let our Father be carried to his grave by a horse? No! we will carry him on our own shoulders.” And Father Eastburn was carried to his grave on the shoulders of those for whom he had lived, and wept, and prayed.

VI.

Gems of Humanity.

(81)

“EXQUISITE ENJOYMENT.”



HEN the British tender, the “Black Joke,” boarded the slaver, the scene which presented itself was truly heart-rending. Says an officer, who was an eye-witness :

“ Crowded to excess below—frightened by the cannonading—without water to drink—and almost without air during the engagement, death had already begun to make fearful ravages among them. In two days from the period of capture thirty of them had paid the debt of nature. Immediately after the vessel was secured, the living were found sitting on the heads and bodies of the dead and dying below. Witnessing their distress, the captors poured a large quantity of water into a tub, for them to drink out of; but being unused to such generosity, they merely imag-

ined that their usual scanty daily allowance of half a pint per man was about to be served out ; and when given to understand that they might take as much of it, and as often, as they felt inclined, they seemed astonished, and rushed in a body with headlong eagerness to dip their parched and feverish tongues into the refreshing liquid. Their heads became wedged in the tub, and were with some difficulty got out, not until several were nearly suffocated in its contents. The drops that fell on the deck were lapped and sucked up with most frightful eagerness. Upon jugs being obtained, and the water handed round to them, in their precipitation and anxiety to obtain relief from the burning thirst which gnawed their vitals, they madly bit the vessels with their teeth and champed them into atoms.

“ Then to see the look of gratification, the breathless unwillingness to part with the vessels, from which, by their glistening eyes, they seemed to draw such exquisite enjoy-

ment! Only half satisfied, they clung to them, though empty, as if they were more dear, and had afforded more earthly bliss, than all the nearest and dearest ties of kindred and affection."

"KEEP UP YOUR HEARTS, BOYS."

About half-past nine at night, on the 4th of March, 1838, the American ship Commerce, Captain Perry, of and from Charleston, bound to Liverpool, fell in with the Elizabeth Caroline, of St. Stephens, N. B., waterlogged, and her crew in the most pitiable condition. For twenty-three days they had been on the forecastle of their vessel, lashed to the windlass, exposed to every sea, with barely sufficient food to sustain life, and only two gallons of water remaining. As soon as she was discovered, Captain Perry shortened sail, wore round, and went close alongside. Hearing their cries, the Captain, passing round them two or three times dur-

ing the night, hailed them cheeringly : “Keep up your hearts, boys ; there is too much sea to board you now, but I will never leave you till I take you off !” And nobly did he fulfil his pledge, keeping close to the vessel two nights and a day, till the sea went down, and the sufferers were rescued.

“I WANT TO BUY ALL HANDS.”

Soon after the close of the long French war in Europe, a boy was standing on one of the bridges at London, with a number of small birds in a cage for sale. A sailor, who was passing, observed the little prisoners fluttering about the cage, peeping through the wires, and manifesting an eager desire to gain their liberty. He stood for some time, looking at the birds, apparently lost in thought. At length, addressing the boy, he said, “How much do you ask for your birds ?”

“Sixpence apiece, sir,” was the reply.

“I don’t ask how much apiece,” said the

sailor ; “ how much the lot ? I want to buy all hands.”

The boy began his calculations, and found they came to six shillings and sixpence.

“ There is your money,” said the sailor, handing out the cash, which the boy received with evident satisfaction at his morning’s trade.

No sooner was the bargain settled, than the sailor opened the cage-door and let all the birds fly away.

The boy, looking quite astonished, exclaimed, “ What did you do that for, sir ? You have lost all your birds.”

“ I will tell you,” said the sailor, “ why I did it. I was shut up three years in a French prison, as a prisoner of war, and I am resolved never to see anything in prison that I can make free.”

“ HEROISM AND HUMANITY.”

If the question were asked, Which is the

greater heroine, the Prussian “guardian angel” of Pillau, or the Scottish “poor old widow” of the Island of Rona?—the former would doubtless bear off the palm. But if the question were submitted to the “guardian angel” herself—Katherine Klenfeldt—which is the more humane?—she would, no doubt, wreath the palm into a crown to adorn the brow of the widow of Rona. Katherine Klenfeldt is also a seaman’s widow. Upwards of twenty years she made long sea-voyages with her husband; and since his death she has devoted her life to the noble and perilous task of carrying aid to the drowning. The Baltic has a long line of coast, but owing to its low, shallow shore, it has few good harbors; and its navigation is attended with great loss of life. Many a crew has perished in sight of Pillau.

Whenever a storm arises, whether by day or night, she embarks in her boat and quits the harbor in search of wrecks. When at the age of forty-seven, she had already res-

cued upwards of three hundred individuals from certain death. She is described as possessing an athletic figure and great strength, and to be fitted by nature with a capacity to go through wild scenes and high deeds. The seamen look upon her as their guardian angel ; the inhabitants of Pillau venerate her as something holy ; the municipality has conferred on her the freedom of the town ; and several governments, including the Prussian, have sent her medals of civil merit.

Between the Island of Sky and the mainland of Applecross is the rocky Island of Rona. At its north-west extremity is a famous refuge for vessels in danger or distress, called the "Muckle Harbor." At the lower end of this harbor stands a lonely cottage, called the "Lighthouse," from the fact that the widow uniformly keeps a lamp burning in her little window at night. By keeping this light and the entrance of the harbor open, a strange vessel may enter with the greatest safety. Here in her solitude, night

after night, for months and years, has she trimmed her lamp, fearful that some frail bark might perish through her neglect ; and for all her watching, and expense for oil, she receives no manner of remuneration. Pure humanity prompts her devotion and deeds : nor is she happy, unless in some way she is ministering to the comfort of the weather-beaten mariners. She was led to this course of life in her younger days, by witnessing her seafaring husband struggle and perish in the waves.

COLERIDGE IN JACKET AND TROUSERS.

When the war was raging between England and France, Mr. Coleridge was in the Mediterranean, and anxious to reach his wife and children in England. With this in view he left Malta, landed in Sicily, whence he passed over to the south of Italy, and journeyed on towards Rome. In the “Eternal city” he attracted some

attention as an English “man of letters.” In particular, Cardinal Fesch, and more remarkable still, Jerome Bonaparte, then a resident at Rome, showed him special attentions,—the latter very generously advising him, that if he, as an Englishman, had either written or said anything against his brother Napoleon, he had better leave Italy as soon as possible. Mr. Coleridge lost no time in taking the hint, and quitted Rome in the suite of Cardinal Fesch. He proceeded to Leghorn, where he hoped rather than expected to get a passage home in a neutral vessel. In this he was disappointed. To obtain a passport was impossible. He had rendered himself obnoxious to the “great Captain” by some political papers; consequently his situation was daily increasingly insecure, and even perilous, looking to confinement and death in an Italian prison.

In constant dread of apprehension by Tuscan emissaries or French spies, and oppressed with a despair of never seeing his family

and friends again, he wandered out one morning to view some ruins in the neighborhood of the city. Here he met a stranger, who for ought he knew was musing over similar calamities, and towards whom his heart at once warmed. A conversation of mutual interest ensued, when the stranger—he proved to be an American Captain, whose ship was then in the harbor and on the point of sailing for England—thus addressed him : “Pray, young man, who are you ?” “I am,” replied Mr. Coleridge, “an unfortunate Englishman, with a wife and family at home ; but I am afraid that I shall never see them more. I have no *passport*, nor means of escape ; and to increase my sorrow, I am in daily dread of being thrown into jail, when those I love will not have the last pleasure of knowing that I am dead.” The Captain’s heart was touched. He had a wife and family at a distance. “My young man,” said he, “what is your name ?” “Samuel Taylor Coleridge,” was the reply. “Well,” answered

the Captain, “you meet me at this place to-morrow morning exactly at ten o’clock.”

They parted,—the Captain to mature his arrangements, and Mr. Coleridge to muse on the probabilities of good growing out of the occurrences of the morning.

A little more than prompt to the appointment next morning, Mr. Coleridge was on the ground, but no Captain was there. His suspense, however, was short, as the Captain soon hove in sight, and cheerily hailed him, “I’ve got your passport!” “How! what!” said Mr. Coleridge, almost overpowered by his feelings. “Ask me no questions,” returned the Captain; “you are my *steward*, and you shall sail away with me to-morrow morning.” He gave him his address, adding, “You come to my lodgings to-morrow early, when I will provide you with a *jacket* and *trousers*, and you shall follow me to the ship with a *basket of vegetables*. Thus accoutred the next morning, he followed the Captain to the ship, and in three hours sailed out

of Leghorn harbor for "home, sweet home," in England. The Captain finished his humane ruse by refusing to receive anything from Mr. Coleridge for his passage.

"THE HEART WAS TOO FULL."

In 1849 Captains Kellet and McClure parted in Behring's Straits ; the former to return to England via Cape Horn, and the latter to force his way, if possible, through the Polar Sea into the Atlantic. Four years passed away in the horrible monotony of that frozen region, and the commencement of the fifth found him in the frozen prison of the Bay of Mercy. No hope of relief from anything human ! The morning of the 6th of April, 1851, seemed desolate as ever ; but suddenly the cry overhead was heard, "A travelling party in sight !" No one could believe it ; things were too bad for that, yet it might be possible. The cry was again raised, when the officers and men

tumbled out on deck in hurry-skurry order, and saw a man running towards them.

In a subsequent private letter, Captain McClure thus describes the scene : “ Imagine if you can a whole crew vegetating in a huge catacomb, supposing themselves cut off from the world, and not a civilized being within two thousand miles ; when suddenly an apparition is observed close to the vessel —one solitary stranger, (for his companions were hidden by the ice,) black as Erebus, approaching rapidly, occasionally showing gesticulations of friendship similar to the Esquimaux. My surprise—I may add dismay—was beyond description ; I paused in my advance to meet him, doubting if he were not a denizen of the other world.”

To the questions by McClure, “ Who are you ? and where are you from ? ” he stammered out, “ Captain Kellett.” This was the more inexplicable to McClure as Kellet was the last person he had shaken hands with at Behring’s Straits.

“ However, my surprise lasted but for a moment. The apparition was really found to be flesh and blood. To rush at and seize him by the hand was but the first gush of feeling ; language was denied—the heart was too full for the tongue to articulate. As this black stranger informed us that assistance was within one hundred and fifty miles, the crew flew up the hatches, the sick forgot their maladies, the healthy their despondency. All was now life and delight ; in a moment the whole crew were changed. I may go on writing, but can never convey the most faint idea of the scene. I can only say, fancy the dead raised to life ; try to impress your mind with such a picture. I need say no more.”

It seems that Captain Kellett, intent on the rescue of his friend, had entered Baffin’s Bay from the Atlantic, and penetrated as far as Melville island, whence he had sent the above exploring party. After eleven days’ travel over the ice and snow, Captain McClure shared his friend’s hospitality on board the

Resolute at Melville island. Captain Kellett in a private letter thus describes their meeting : "This is really a red-letter day in our voyage, and should be kept as a holiday by our heirs and successors forever. At nine o'clock this day our look-out man announced a party coming. I cannot describe my feelings when told that Captain McClure was amongst them. I was not long in reaching him, and giving him many hearty shakes ; no purer were ever given by two men in this world. McClure looks well, but is half starved."

"BUT SPARE, OH, SPARE MY HELPLESS CHILD!"

The ship "Waterloo" was wrecked in Table Bay, near Cape Town, August 27, 1842 ; and of the three hundred and thirty souls on board, two hundred and fifty perished. Says an eye-witness, "Oh, it was a dreadful sight! There, within a stone's

throw, lay two or three hundred beings drowning before our eyes. One woman was holding on with one hand to a piece of plank ; with the other she held, pressed to her bosom, a little infant. Her cries were piteous. At last a sea came and washed the woman and little one off."

"The tempest deepens! dark the cloud !
The howling blast is long and loud !
The vessel reels ! the foaming tide
Is pouring through her yawning side !

"Lo ! on the deck a mother stands,
Lifting to heaven her trembling hands ;
'Oh, God !' she cries, 'my infant save,
And let *me* find a watery grave !
Oh ! let the wave roll o'er me wild,
But spare, oh, spare my helpless child !'
One last faint shriek dies on the distant shore,—
The wave rolls over her ! she's seen no more !"

VII.

Gems of Piety.

(99)

FAITH.

 SAILOR meeting another who was anxiously inquiring the way of salvation, thus addressed him : " It was just so with myself once ; I did not know what faith was, or how to obtain it ; but I know now what it is, and I believe I possess it. But I do not know that I can tell you what it is, or how to get it. I can tell you what it is not : it is not knocking off swearing and drinking, and such like : it is not reading the Bible, nor praying, nor being good : it is none of these ; for even if they would answer for the time to come, there is the old score still, and how are you to get clear of that ? It is not anything you have done or can do : it is only believing and trusting in what Christ has done ; it is forsaking your sins, and looking for their

pardon and the salvation of your soul, because He died and shed His blood for sin ; and it is nothing else.”

BIBLE AUTHORITY.

“ The principal benefit I received from reading other books than the Bible,” said James Haldane, “ was, that they explained to me more fully those doctrines of which I was before satisfied, for I was too fond of my own opinions to read those books which opposed them. I did, however, consider the Scripture as a certain authority. As soon as I found it against any of my opinions I readily gave them up.”

“I WISH THAT ALL MY CREW WERE
METHODISTS.”

On board the flag ship of a celebrated Commander, a complaint was made by his Captain against about two hundred of his

crew. The accusation was, that they were Methodists, and when in their watch below they were in the habit of reading the Bible, praying, and singing psalms and hymns. The Admiral ordered an inquiry, and after abundant proof that it was even so, asked, “What is the general conduct of those men on deck,—orderly, or disobedient,—cleanly, or the contrary?” “Always orderly, obedient, and cleanly,” was the reply. “When the watch is called, do they linger, or are they ready?” “Always ready at the first call.” “You have seen these men in battle, sir: do they stand to their guns, or shrink?” “They are the most intrepid men in the ship, my lord, and will die at their posts.” “*Let them alone, then,*” answered the Commodore; “if Methodists are such men, I wish that all my crew were Methodists!”

AN APPROPRIATE DOXOLOGY.

In 1829 the schooner Hannah and Susan,

Captain Christopher Bailey, of Newburyport, went to pieces in a gale on Plum island. "The seas," said one of the sailors, "ran mountains high ; and each, as it passed with its foaming crest, threatened our little bark with instant destruction. About fifteen minutes after we were headed for the shore, we struck ; and on the bosom of the next sea were borne almost high and dry on a sand beach. To our great joy we were all enabled to get ashore, and on our knees gave thanks to Almighty God for deliverance. We then united in singing the Doxology,—

'To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,' &c.

It was in those awful moments when we saw instant death before us, that God gave me grace to rely on His Almighty arm ; and as I look back upon them, I am astonished that my mind could have been so perfectly calm, and my hope so big with immortality. Glory, glory to Him to whom all praise is due!"

“LOOK ALOFT.”

The celebrated Dr. Godman, of Philadelphia, used to relate an incident which was of great practical value to him in the trying scenes of his after life.

During a voyage at sea, when he was a young man, he observed a lad, who was also on his first voyage, sent aloft on duty. He was out on a yard, looking down, and vainly trying to plant his feet on a swinging rope. As the rope flew from side to side furiously, it was evident the poor lad was getting discouraged, and dizzy, and ready to fall, when the mate shouted at the top of his voice, “Look aloft! look aloft! you lubber.” Looking aloft saved his life. Piety will make the practical application.

“LOOK ALOFT.”

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail—
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart—
“Look aloft,” and be firm and fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows, like clouds, are arrayed,
"Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
"Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest,—the son of thy heart—
The wife of thy bosom,—in sorrow depart,
"Look aloft," from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where "affection is ever in bloom."

And oh! when Death comes, in terrors to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft," and depart!

THE HARBOR FOUND.

"Midway between my father's dwelling
and the school-house," said a minister of the
gospel, "lived an old, worn-out sailor. On a
cold winter morning I frequently called to
warm my fingers. He gave me a welcome
reception, and entertained my wondering
fancy with his tales of the sea. I became

quite attached to him, and the attachment was mutual. In the lapse of years the schoolboy became a clergyman. Hearing that he was sick, I went immediately to see him. He was pondering the loss of his soul.

“ ‘ Oh,’ said he, ‘ I am a poor old weather-beaten sailor, tossed about in the storm, and I can’t find a harbor—I can’t find a harbor. There is no mercy for such an old sinner.’ ‘ Don’t say that,’ I replied ; ‘ how do you know ? ’ And I took down his old canvas-covered Bible, and began to read of Paul, of Peter, of David ; of the great mercies of the Lord to the chief of sinners. ‘ How,’ said he, ‘ do you say that I can be saved ? ’ ‘ Yes, if you will come to Christ, for He is able and willing to save the chief of sinners, if they repent and believe.’ ‘ You are the first man that told me that,’ he exclaimed, ‘ the first man that told me I could be saved.’

“ While a beam of hope lighted up his dejected visage, I assured him that it was not too late for the returning prodigal. On my third

visit I found the old mariner full of joy. He had found the harbor. He lived but a short time, and departed with a full assurance of leaving a stormy ocean for the haven of eternal rest."

THE WAY TO CHEER THE LADS.

In one hour after the heavy sea struck the vessel, she went down, leaving only four seamen to tell the story of her fate. "We were now four of us in a small boat—only ten feet keel—left to the mercy of the winds and waves on a dark and stormy night, more than one hundred miles from the nearest land, without compass, or anything, except two oars, the deep-sea-line, a bucket, tin pan, hatchet, and a few biscuits in a small trunk. We made fast the line to the middle of one of the oars, and veered out about thirty fathoms, and, with the other oar plying at the stern, kept her head to the sea,—although it seemed to us impossible that we



"In one hour after the heavy sea struck the vessel, she went down."

Tales of the Ocean

could climb those watery hills. My faith, trust, and prayer were to Him who 'rides upon the stormy wind, and manages the seas,' and my soul was soon elevated above common fear. In order to cheer the lads that were with me, after repeating a part of the 107th Psalm, and other texts of Scripture, and reminding them of Jesus commanding the winds and the waves to *be still*, I sung the 88th Hymn of Watts'—*'Life is the time to serve the Lord.'* About eleven o'clock, the next day, the fog sealed off a little, when, to our great joy, a schooner was within hail, and answered us immediately, hove to, and received us on board."

THE SABBATH, AND THE COLORED STEWARD'S PRAYER.

The three decisive battles which ended the last war with Great Britain—at New Orleans, Gen. Jackson commanding, on Lake Erie, Com. Perry commanding, and on Lake

Champlain, Com. Macdonough commanding,—were fought on the Sabbath. In each instance the British were the aggressors, and in each were signally defeated. There are those yet living who remember that much prayer, all over the land, was offered for the success of our arms; and most *fervent prayer* in the vicinity of these bloody conflicts. The Saratoga, Com. Macdonough's vessel, had a complement of 212 men, all told, including a Chaplain. But the Commodore was so shocked with his morals, he never would call on him for any religious service whatever. Eight bells were striking in the American squadron, on the morning of Sept. 11th, 1814, when the upper sails of the English vessels were seen passing along the land, about to double Cumberland Head, and swing around into action. It was a critical moment! the *moment*, as they were about to appeal to arms, *to appeal to God*. All hands were summoned to prayers. There was one man on board whom the Commodore had

sometimes called on to pray, and he was the man for this emergency. In two hours and a half, not a single English ensign out of sixteen or seventeen was flying in the Bay of Plattsburgh ! And the sublimest part witnessed in the whole scene, was the *faith* and *energy* of the *colored steward's prayer* !

HIS FATHER'S PRAYER FOUND IN THE OLD CHEST.

The poet has truthfully sung,—

“Though seed lie buried long in dust
It sha'n't deceive the hope;”—

but has said nothing of prayer buried more than half a century at the bottom of an old oaken chest. Toward the end of the year 1756, Captain M. K. married Miss Betsey D., daughter of Colonel D., then living on Indian River near the Capes of Delaware. He was then sailing out of Philadelphia in European trade. In August, the following year, being outward bound, as he passed

Cape Henlopen, he was within a few miles of his beloved wife at her father's residence. A thousand tender associations and prayerful thoughts were awakened. He retired to his cabin, and covered, in a fine hand, nearly a whole sheet of paper with a most earnest and affectionate prayer for his wife and unborn child. It was dated "Off the mouth of Indian River, August 22, 1757." On his passage to Europe the Captain died ; and on the return of the ship his old oaken chest, containing books, manuscripts, sea-charts, mathematical instruments, &c., was forwarded to his wife. She opened it with a sad heart ; and, seeing nothing of any value, except as mementos of the departed, she locked it again, and had it stowed away to be given to her son—which had in the mean time been born—when he should become a man. She named her son after his father, gave him a good education, and hoped he might also inherit his father's virtues. But in this she was doomed to disappointment. In 1775,

at the age of eighteen years, he enlisted in the regiment of *Delaware Blues*, and marched for Boston. He remained in the army till the close of the war. He was in the battles at White Plains, Germantown, and Monmouth, under Washington. He then went to the South, where he was dangerously wounded, and taken prisoner on the spot where the brave Baron de Kalb was murdered begging for quarter. After awhile he was exchanged, and joined the army under General Green, fought at the Eutaw Springs, and at Cambahee Ferry, where the brave Col. Laurens fell.

At the close of the war he returned to his mother's residence, thoroughly inoculated with all the vices of the camp, and decidedly a bad man. If he had won a valuable character for bravery in the field, he had lost in morals all that ennobles manhood. He was now twenty-five years old ; and, with the means furnished from his father's estate, he ministered without restraint to all his baser

appetites. He seldom visited his mother, now respectably married the second time, lest he should feel the keen edge of her faithful rebukes. At length she was removed by death ; and when on her death-bed gave him the key of his father's chest, exhorting him to keep it and its contents for his father's sake and hers. He faithfully promised, put the key in his pocket, and had the chest removed to his own residence and stowed away in the garret, where it remained unopened several years. Having been told by his mother that his father was a religious man, he was afraid to examine it lest he should find there some book or paper to harass his feelings. In 1814, when he was fifty-seven years old, he suddenly took a notion to examine that old chest. It was brought down, and, with some difficulty with the rusty lock, opened. The first thing which turned up was "Christian Philosophy," with his father's name written on the title-page. Then other books, maps, charts, and instruments, which he piled up

on the table. At the bottom of the chest he found a neatly-folded paper, endorsed on its back—"The Prayers of M. K. for blessings on his wife and child. August 23, 1757." He opened it and read, till the whole scene and circumstances under which it was written were vividly before him : for his mother had often led him, when a boy, to the beach, and pointed in the direction where was last seen the flowing canvas which bore his father away, never to return. He folded up the prayer, put it into the quadrant case, tumbled the contents back into the chest, locked it, and determined never to unlock it again during his life. But that prayer had sent a dagger to his soul. It tormented him by day, and haunted his troubled imagination by night. His distress so increased, that the woman with whom he was sinfully living demanded to know what ailed him. This sent home another dagger. He looked at her wildly, exclaiming, "*I cannot tell you.*" This only increased her solicitude. "Leave me

alone awhile," said he, "to think." As she left the room, casting an anxious look back, all the sins of his life rose up before him in terrible conflict with his guilty conscience. He called her back, and confessed that the cause of his distress was, *his father's prayer found in the old chest*. She thought him deranged, and sent for the neighbors, who thought the same till he unlocked the chest and produced the *old prayer*. From that time M. K. became an altered man. He married the woman with whom he was living, manumitted his slaves, united with the church of Christ, and lived and died a humble, exemplary Christian.

"CAME AS A LITTLE CHILD."

Said Captain Brewer, giving an account of a revival on board his brig *Louisa*, at sea : "To some the Lord spoke peace while aloft on the yards, to others in their berths : some seemed to hear an audible voice in the fore-

castle in prayer: one thought he saw the Saviour come to his relief; and in a great variety of ways these men appear to have been impressed, convicted, and converted. Some in one way, and some in another; but not one have we seen converted until he *came as a little child*, crying to his Father for mercy."

"MY ANCHOR DOESN'T DRAG."

Do you remember Captain William Butman? He is still affectionately remembered by numbers of his old neighbors in Rutland, Vermont; and his face seems as radiant as when he found that his anchor held amidst the breakers of death. He commenced a seafaring life at the age of fourteen, and after plowing the ocean about twenty years, he retired to the western slope of the Green Mountains to plow the land. He died at Rutland, April 18, 1834. About three years before his death he gave decisive evidence

of personal piety, and confessed Christ before men. From that blessed day he made a straight wake for the haven of eternal rest—on the way doing good as he had opportunity, especially to his brethren of the sea. As his end approached, his soul was full of peace. The Indian-ink anchor on his hand was but a faint emblem of the stronger anchor which held stedfast his soul. To the very last he could say, "*My anchor doesn't drag!*"

"WE ARE SAFE!"

Years ago a homeward-bound vessel was overtaken by a terrible storm, which caused her to leak badly. Notwithstanding the efforts of all hands at the pumps, the vessel was gradually sinking. The mate, who had been a wild and wicked youth, was now in a serious, thoughtful mood,—walking fore and aft, and occasionally pulling out his watch as if anxious for the arrival of a particular

hour. The Captain, approaching him silently and solemnly, said, “*We are lost!* The vessel can’t live much longer in such a gale.” The mate paid little or no attention to him or his remark ; but took out his watch the oftener, till at last he gave a shout, and leaping, cried, “*We are safe!* *We shall not—we cannot be lost!*” The Captain replied, “There is no possibility of escape—the leak gains upon us, and the gale increases.” With an ecstasy scarcely conceivable, the mate replied, “It is my father’s hour of prayer! He is now imploring God in my behalf! The vessel can never sink while my father’s prayers are going up to heaven!”

This exclamation gave new energy to the efforts of the sailors, and all laying to with their might were able to keep the vessel afloat till the gale abated, when they made sail and arrived safe in port.

THE CABIN-BOY'S PRAYER.

Captain F., of the brig H., belonging to a port in Mass., returned from the sea in the fall of 1837. On going into the country to spend a few days with his friends, he took along his favorite cabin-boy. There being a revival of religion in the place, and his pious friends feeling a deep interest in him, invited him to attend their frequent meetings. The cabin-boy soon became a hopeful disciple of Jesus Christ, and expressed great anxiety for the spiritual welfare of his beloved Captain. The Captain at last became so deeply impressed with his lost condition as a sinner, that he accepted the usual Methodist invitation to the altar for prayers. Down upon his knees by his side dropped his faithful cabin-boy, and gave vent to his feelings in the following prayer: "O Lord, if thou hast but one blessing to give, bestow that on my poor Captain: and if thou hasn't any, take mine away and give him that." So disinter-

ested and so tender a petition melted others besides the Captain to tears. He obtained the blessing asked for, while the cabin-boy was not sensible of any diminution of his own.

THE PIRATE AND THE DOVE.

Audubon, in his Ornithological Biography, relates the following : " A man who was once a pirate assured me that several times, while at certain wells dug in the burning, shelly sands of a well-known Key, the soft and melancholy cry of the doves awoke in his breast feelings which had long slumbered, melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind which he only, who compares the wretchedness of guilt within him with the happiness of former innocence, can truly feel. He said he never left the place without increased fears of futurity, associated as he was with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the navigation of the Florida coasts. So deeply

moved was he by the notes of any bird, and especially by those of a dove, the only soothing sounds he ever heard during his life of horrors, that through these plaintive notes, and them alone, he was induced to escape from his vessel, and return to a family deplored his absence.

After paying a parting visit to those wells, and listening once more to the cooings of the Zenaida dove, he poured out his soul in supplications for mercy, and became what one has said to be 'the noblest work of God,' —an honest man."

"A BIT OF A STORY."

"Sir, I want to tell you a bit of a story. You see before you a man who has been a sailor forty years, a drunkard thirty-five, and a lost and ruined sinner sixty. I have sailed several times round the earth, and visited almost every port where a vessel is to be found, but no one, either at home or abroad, has

said to me personally, *You have a soul to be saved or lost.* Oh, sir, I forgot my duty to my family, and to my God. But four years ago, while in the Pacific, surrounded by profane and wicked shipmates, I got hold of a little tract that alarmed me. I resolved that I would drink no more grog. One of my messmates had a Bible: I read that. For a long, long time I was dark. My sorrows increased. It seemed that every sin I had committed came up before me. But when I had given up all for lost, God, for Christ's sake, spake peace to my soul. I have been a different man ever since—I possess peace of mind and joy."

THE PLACE OF PRAYER.

"Peter went to the house-top to pray, and our Lord to the mountain; but where did you find a place to pray?" inquired a friend of a sailor recently returned from a whaling voy-

age. "Where there is a heart to pray," he replied, "there is no difficulty about the place: I usually went to the mast-head."

"RETIREMENT IN A HAT."

A sailor, who was in the battle of Navarino, on being asked the state of his mind when he saw the Turkish fleet, and heard the drum beat to quarters as they were entering the Bay, replied, "All I wanted was some retired spot for prayer, that I might commend my soul to God for a few moments just before I went into action." "You would find that a difficulty, indeed, in a man-of-war, after orders were given to clear away for action." "True, but *there's retirement in a hat.*" "In a hat! I don't understand you." "Perhaps not—and I'll explain myself. We were sailing into the Bay; I thought there was a moment of leisure, and, leaning over the bulk-head of the forecastle, I took off my hat, and, covering my face with it, se-

cretly breathed out a prayer : ‘ Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth ; thou hast the issues of life and death ; all events are at thy command ; I leave myself entirely at thy disposal ; and if I should be killed, take care of my family, save my soul, and receive me up into thy glory, O Lord, through Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour. Amen.’ You see, sir, there is retirement in a hat.”

WHICH DIED THE RICHEST ?

A few years ago the British ship Britannia was wrecked nearing the island Fernando Ooronha, about 100 leagues from the coast of Brazil. She had on board a consignment of several barrels of Spanish dollars. In the hope of saving at least a part of them, they were got on the main deck. But as she began rapidly to go to pieces this object was abandoned. Just before the last

boat pushed off, a midshipman was sent back to ascertain if there might be still anybody left on board. On gaining the main deck, his surprise was great to see one of the men there. This fellow had broken open several of the casks, and spread the dollars out on a table-cloth on deck, in the midst of which he was seated with his hatchet in his hand. "Halloa, you, sir," shouted the middy, "what are you doing there? The ship is fast going to pieces." "The ship may go," was the reply; "I have lived a poor rascal all my life, and am resolved to die rich." The remonstrances of the midshipman he answered only by a flourish of his hatchet, and was left to his fate—to "die rich."

A reverse of this is found in the case of Thomas Henderson, who died at the New York Hospital, Feb. 20, 1841. The night he died, he called his pious shipmate, who had been his faithful nurse, to his bedside, and thanked him for his kindness. "That clothing, if it will fit you, I want you to have.

And my hat—try it on—keep that. The pea-jacket, and the pantaloons, I wish you to put in my chest to be sent to my father for my brothers.” His attention was here arrested by a groan from a sick man near by, and he said to the nurse, “I am well—take care of that poor soul ;” and then to the sick man,—“Is it well with you ? Is your soul safe ? Is your peace made with God ?” Then exhorting him to trust in Jesus Christ, he added, “I feel I am dying, but the everlasting arms are under me. Oh, Jesus ! Look to Him ! look to Him !” Thus he spent his dying breath, and passed away : rich in faith, rich in dying grace, and rich in hope of a glorious immortality.

“LET US HAVE OLD HUNDREDTH.”

When the Bethel Flag was first raised—it was in the spring of 1817, on board the Ag-enora, Captain Reed of South Shields, then lying in the Thames—there was much bitter

opposition. The praying seamen were charged with all sorts of wicked designs.

One evening, just as their prayer-meeting had commenced, a police boat came alongside, took possession of the quarter-deck, and guarded the companion-way that none of the prisoners should escape. The benediction being pronounced, a loud voice was heard from the quarter-deck,—“Below there!” “Halloa!” cried one of the tars in the steerage. “Where is the leader of your meeting?” He soon came up on deck; to whom the officer said, “Well, sir, are these your meetings?” “Yes, sir, the meetings we hold; we meet to return thanks to God for bringing us safe to port, while others pray for protection on their passage.” “Well, sir, these meetings have been differently represented to our office: it has been said you meet together for treason and conspiracy against your sovereign.” One of the pious sailors cried out—“GOD BLESS THE KING! Master, tell him we won’t hurt a

hair of his head, but we'll pray for him, Master." "Well, sir, if these are your meetings, go on, and may the Lord prosper you." "Amen! and Amen!" cried the sailors; "*let us have the old hundredth.*"

"THEY MUST BE PRAYING FOR US
ASHORE."

One day as a vessel owned in one of the ports of Cape Cod was homeward bound, and making a splendid voyage, the mate remarked to the Captain, "They must be praying for us on shore." "Why, what makes you think so?" "Because we are making such a voyage." "It may be so," replied the Captain, seriously. After a while the same thought was repeated. "Certainly, our folks must be praying for us." "Well, then, is it not time we were praying for ourselves?" "It is, replied the mate; and down they went into the cabin, to read the Word of God and to call upon His name.

Before they reached home both were cherishing new-born hopes and joys : both will ever believe that prayer can reach those who are “far, far at sea ;” and will ever bless God for leading them to seek and find His mercy there.

“A STRAIGHT WAKE.”

A seaman, giving an account of his conversion in the Baldwin Place prayer-meeting, Boston, said, “I have been like a vessel in a storm on a lee-shore ; but, now that by the grace of God I have weathered the point of danger, and have plenty of sea room, I intend to make *a straight wake.*”

“NOT ASHAMED OF HIS FLAG.”

“I always,” said a pious Captain, “carry a Bethel Flag to sea with me ; and I believe I was the first who hoisted it beyond the North Cape of Europe. I always make a point of hoisting it as I enter a harbor, at

home or abroad, and sail into port with the flag flying. This answers a double purpose ; it lets all the Captains know who and what I am. In the first place, it causes those who are ungodly men to give me a wide berth, as they sheer off and let me alone, saying ‘ He is a Methodist.’ In the next place, it induces those who love the Lord Jesus Christ to flock around me, and give me a welcome reception.”

“A THRONE OF GRACE IN THE FIELD.”

In the field, back of the Snug Harbor, on Staten Island, there used to be, in a quiet nook, a stump :—maybe it is there yet. This stump was the favorite resort of one of the pious inmates of that institution, and was called by him his *throne of grace*. One of his shipmates, “ Old Ben,” was blind in more senses than one ; and every fair morning might be seen, hanging on his arm, on their way to this throne of grace in the field.

Here they knelt and prayed together till the *blind could see*, and discern spiritual things as they are spiritually discerned,—and subsequently, till “old Ben” was too feeble to go out, and heard a voice calling him aloft to see as he is seen. Much as that sailor loved the home of his childhood, and the ship in which he many years sailed, he used to say, no spot on earth was so dear to him as that throne of grace in the field.

“I WANT A CHART.”

One day I was standing in the shop of my master, behind the counter, when an old sailor entered, and, looking seriously at me, accosted me thus: “Young man, I want a chart.” “Yes, sir,” I replied, “you shall have one; do you want St. George’s, the Bay of Biscay, or round Ireland, or the Mediterranean, sir?” “Stay, young man, stay!” said the old sailor; “youth is always in a hurry. I

want a chart, but I don't want either one you have mentioned ; they are useless to me. I want a chart which shall guide me to heaven, for I have lost my old one. Now, young man, do you understand me ? ”

I immediately conjectured that he wanted a Bible ; so I took down a few and showed them to him, and he selected one—evidently much pleased at my readiness to serve him—enquired the price, and paid the money.

“HELP NOW, LORD, OR I PERISH.”

Captain Samuel Elliott, at an anniversary of the American Seamen’s Friend Society, on being asked to give an account of his religious experience at sea, said : “ It was on this wise. I had a job over the bows, and being somewhat particular about the work, I concluded to do it myself. There was a high sea rolling, but I had the jib hauled down, and over the bows I got. There I had worked some ten minutes, sawing asunder

two thick ropes, when suddenly I cast my eyes upward at the rope ;—‘ My God ! ’ I exclaimed, ‘ I have been hanging by an old yarn that would not hold an infant.’ My hair stood erect. I jumped on deck and laughed away the fright. I was out that night at the first watch, and while walking the deck, the thought flashed upon my mind, ‘ If the rope-yarn had broken, where would you have been ? ’ and I answered aloud, “ in hell, to all intents and purposes.” I dropped instantly upon my knees, and cried aloud for mercy. For seven days my condition was truly awful. The Captain thought I was crazy. I was praying every opportunity I could find, but found no rest. My old Bible, that had long lain at the bottom of my chest, was now drawn forth and read with intense interest. At length, one day, while lying upon a yard-arm, and thinking my case hopeless, I bethought me to try again. I poured out my soul to God in the most earnest entreaties for grace to help. ‘ Help

now, Lord, or I perish.' And God answered the petition. I descended to the deck a new man in Christ Jesus, and the happiness of that moment has never departed from me unto this hour."

"THE DOLPHINS AND THE LORD'S DAY."

Cotton Mather, in his *Magnalia*, records the following, which he says is "attested beyond all contradiction."

"On the 16th of October in this present year, 1697, there arrived at New Haven a sloop of about 50 tons, whereof Mr. William Trowbridge is Master; the vessel belonged unto New Haven; the persons on board were seven, and seventeen long weeks had they now spent since they came from their port, which was Fayal. By so unusually tedious a passage a terrible famine unavoidably came upon them; and for the five last weeks of the voyage they were so destitute of all food, that through faintness they would

have chosen death rather than life. But they were a praying and a pious company ; and when *these poor men cried unto the Lord, He heard and saved them.* God sent His dolphins to attend 'em ; and of these they caught still one every day, which was enough to serve 'em ; only on Saturday's they still catch'd a couple ; and on the Lord's days they could catch none at all. With all possible skill and care they could not supply themselves with the fish in any other number or order ; and, indeed, with a holy blush at last they left off trying to do any thing on the *Lord's days*, when they were so well supplied on the *Saturdays.* Thus the Lord kept feeding a company who put their trust in Him, as He did His Israel with His manna ; and thus they continued till they came to that change of water where they used to leave the vessels. Then they so strangely surrendered themselves that the company took twenty-seven of 'em ; which not only sufficed them till they came ashore, but also some of 'em were

brought ashore dry'd, as a monument of the *divine* benignity."

"NOT ASHAMED TO SHOW THEIR COLORS."

About the year 1847 the ship Siberia sailed from Boston for India. One of the crew, hearing that two of his shipmates were from the Baptist Bethel church in New York, determined on having rare fun in ridiculing and worrying them on the voyage. He thought that piety in a sailor was too ludicrous a thing to be gravely endured ; and that he was the one to lead off the fun. As yet he had not seen them. Soon after he came on board, he remarked jocosely to a sailor, a stranger, " Well, I learn that there are a couple of *pious* fellows in our crew !" The stranger looked up at him with a meek, but earnest glance, and said, " Yes, sir, and I hope I am one of them." Then, before he could say anything, a third sailor standing by, added, " And I hope I am the other."

The scorner was crestfallen ; and afterwards speaking of it, said, "My sport was all over. Surely, said I to myself, these men are Christians—the genuine kind ; they are not ashamed nor afraid to show their colors." He was soon led to seek an interest in Christ ; when the three established a prayer-meeting in the forecastle, and before they reached India six more of their shipmates were hopefully converted. Moreover, while their ship stopped at the island of Mauritius, sailors from other vessels happening to be in port attended their meetings, and several more conversions took place.

"DO YOU PRAY?"

As one of the Chaplains of the American Seamen's Friend Society was on the passage to his station in the West Indies, he observed among the crew of the *Cornelia* a small boy. A severe storm came on, and one day, some of the rigging at the mast-head getting foul,

it was necessary that some one go aloft and rectify it. It was a perilous job. The Chaplain, standing near the mate, heard him order that boy aloft to do it. The boy lifted his cap, glanced at the swinging mast, the boiling sea, the steady, determined countenance of the mate, and then, hesitating a moment in silence, rushed across the deck, and pitched down into the forecastle. He was gone, perhaps, two minutes, when he returned, laid his hands upon the ratlines and went up with a will. The Chaplain followed him till his eye moistened and his head grew dizzy, when he turned and remonstrated with the mate : “ Why did you send up that boy ? He will never come down alive. Why did you send him ? ” “ I did it, ” replied the mate, “ to save life. We’ve sometimes lost a man overboard, but never a boy. See, how he holds like a squirrel ! He is more careful. He’ll come down safe, I h-o-p-e.”

Again the Chaplain looked till the tear dimmed his eye, and he was compelled to

turn away, every moment expecting to catch a glimpse of his last fall.

In some fifteen or twenty minutes, having finished the job, he came down, and, straightening himself up, as if conscious of having performed a manly act, he walked forward with a smile on his countenance.

In the course of the day the Chaplain took occasion to speak to him, and ask him why he hesitated when ordered aloft ; and why he went down into the forecastle. "I went to pray, sir," said the boy. "Do you pray?" "Yes, sir ; I thought I might not come down alive, and I went to commit my soul to God." "Where did you learn to pray?" "At home —in New London, sir ; my mother wanted me to go to the Sunday-school, and my teacher urged me to pray to God to keep me, and I do." "What was that in your jacket pocket?" "My Testament, which my teacher gave me. I thought if I did perish, I would have the word of God close to my heart."

THE WAY TO GOD ILLUSTRATED.

A man-of-war's man, wishing to illustrate the fact that sinners are deserters from God, having abandoned His service,—that justice is in pursuit, having set a price upon their souls,—yet that forgiveness is offered on condition of their return, their humble acknowledgment, their faith in His word, and the voluntary surrender of themselves to Him,—said, “ My brethren, I once served in the American navy, under Captain Porter. He was a severe officer, and, as I thought, ill-treated his men. So, upon a favorable opportunity, I, with several others, ran away. I deserted the navy, and concealed myself in Boston and vicinity for two years. During this time a reward of two hundred dollars a head was offered for deserters. I, however, successfully escaped detection. At the end of two years the war of 1812 broke out with England. The government was greatly in want of men for the navy. Accordingly they

issued proposals of mercy to all deserters. They publicly proclaimed, that if those who had deserted from the navy would return, they would be received, and nothing would be said concerning their desertion. That is, if they would go and deliver themselves up to the government, they would be pardoned. I saw these proposals, and, believing them to be offered in good faith, I went down to the navy office, confessed that I was a deserter, and offered to reënlist. I was at once received, and nothing was ever said to me about my desertion.”

“I SHALL SEE YOU OVER THERE.”

“Twenty-six years,” says the seamen’s Chaplain, at Rio de Janeiro, “had the good old negro man floated on the billows, but feared no danger. Many a time did I visit him, during the three weeks the barque in which he sailed was in this harbor, and listened to his truly edifying, evangelical con-

versation. He had no confidence in himself; but Christ strengthening him, he could do all things. Just before the vessel to which he belonged left, I went on board to say farewell. After some conversation we parted, but when I was about a stone's throw from the barque, he shouted out to me, 'Good-bye, I shall see you *over there*.' 'Over where?' I inquired. 'Why, to be sure, on the other side of Jordan!' Blessed old man! When he has finished the voyage of this life, he will land safely on Canaan's happy shore,

'Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet.' "

DIVINE AND HUMAN AGENCY.

Rev. S. C. Damon, Chaplain to seamen at Honolulu, was conversing with a sailor one day, when the following dialogue ensued :

"Suppose you let me know what induced you to change your mind on religious subjects."

“ I have a shipmate who is a religious sort of a man, and we often have a talk together. He brought out some books which he gave me to read.”

“ What was the particular book which had the most influence over your mind ? ”

“ ‘ Baxter’s Call ; ’ I read it over and over — some passages over a hundred times. My head was all confused. I began to pray, and continued praying, and e’er long I felt different. The light came, and I have been made altogether another man.”

“ But how did you finally break away from your former habits and associates ? ”

“ *I made an effort, and the Lord hove me through.* ”

THE SEAMAN’S CONSOLATION.

The following transcript is from the fly-leaf of his Bible. “ This Bible was presented to me by Mr. Raikes at the town of Hertford, January, 1781, as a reward for my

punctual attendance at the Sunday-school, and good behavior when there. And after being my companion fifty-three years—forty-one of which I spent in the sea-service, during which time I was in forty-five engagements, received thirteen wounds, was three times shipwrecked, once burnt out, twice capsized in a boat, and had fevers of different sorts fifteen times—this Bible was my consolation, and was newly bound for me by James Bishop, of Edinburgh, on the 26th of October, 1834, the day I completed the sixtieth year of my age; as witness my hand."

PRAYER ANSWERED.

In 1746 a French armament, consisting of forty ships of war, under the command of Duke d'Anville, sailed from Chebucto in Nova Scotia, with the view of destroying New England. Ordinarily the force was sufficient to render that destruction certain.

The pious fathers in Boston and vicinity, apprised of their danger, and feeling that their only safety was in God, appointed a season of fasting and prayer, to be observed in all their churches. The Rev. Mr. Prince officiated in his own pulpit, in the old South Church, on that day, and, while praying most fervently to God to avert the dread calamity, a sudden gust of wind arose—the day till now had been perfectly clear and calm—so violent as to cause a loud clattering of the windows.

The Rev. Pastor paused in his prayer, and, looking round upon the congregation with a countenance animated by hope, resumed, and with great devotional ardor supplicated the Almighty to cause that wind to scatter the fleet, disappoint the expectations of the enemy, and save the country from conquest and popery.

A tempest ensued, in which the greater part of the French fleet was wrecked on the coast of Nova Scotia. The Duke d'Anville,

the principal, and also the second in command, both committed suicide ; many died with disease, and thousands were consigned to a watery grave. The few that remained returned to France dispirited, and the enterprise was abandoned, never to be resumed.

A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

Captain John Clark, of Philadelphia, was no fatalist. Spending a few weeks in that city and in his family, in 1831, he related to me some of the incidents of his seafaring life. "One night," said he, "I was at sea in command of a small vessel. The night was cold, dark and stormy. My helmsman was lashed on to prevent his being washed overboard by the fury of the tempest. Going forward on some errand, and the sea suddenly rising to sweep my deck, I was compelled to let him suffer a long watch unrelieved. The sea was occasionally dashing

over us when I made the attempt, thinking I could reach the mast before the first wave, and the helm before the next. But when perhaps half way, a tremendous sea knocked me overboard ! None but God knew it. To cry for help amidst the roaring of the tempest was in vain. I gave up all hope of life, but prompted by instinct I spread my hands to swim. Presently my hand struck something. I found it to be a rope. The next moment it straightened my arm, and then relaxed. What it could mean I could not tell, till another straightening and relaxing reminded me of a rope made fast at one end of the rigging, and hung there for any needful purpose, and now, knocked off by the dashing waves, was in my hand ! Hold of this, hope revived within me, and I drew myself with all the care I could command—fearful it would snap—towards the vessel. Presently she broached to a little, when a heavy wave lifted and laid me on the deck ! I grasped the mast and was safe !” Here

the Captain burst into tears ; but presently resuming his story added : " Now, some may say that it was an accident that threw me overboard ; and others, that it was a mere chance I got hold of that dragging rope ; and others, that it was very good luck that thus lifted and laid me on the deck. But there was neither accident, chance, nor luck about it. It was the special providence of God that put me into the sea ; that put the rope into my hands ; that thus laid me on the deck ; and that blessed the scenes of that night to the awakening and salvation of my soul."

"LET GO THE ANCHOR."

Every art has its *technical* terms, none of which are more beautiful or expressive than those connected with navigating the sea. A pious sailor, about to die, on being asked how he felt, cheerily replied, "*Land in sight!*" As he grew weaker, and was evidently very

near his end, the question was repeated, when he answered, "*Just rounding the cape into the harbor!*" A little while after, in reply to the question, "Well, how is it with you now?" with a joyous smile he whispered out his last words, "LET GO THE ANCHOR!"

"WHAT I NEEDED."

"I read," said a sailor greatly distressed about his spiritual condition and prospects, "I read the third chapter of John, and there I saw what I needed. *I must be born again.* I read on and came to the 16th verse : 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' I was struck by those beautiful words. Does that include me? Yes, I thought, *whosoever* means me ; I will venture on His love. I tried to give God my heart ; and there, in that midnight hour, far away on the billows, I cast

my poor, guilty soul on His mercy, and while pleading this precious word, I felt peace and comfort within me."

"HE MET ME AT THE WHEEL."

A Swedish sailor, in relating his experience of the divine mercy at sea, said, " My heart was sick and sore. I knew not what to do. I had no one to guide me. What was to become of me ? One night, as I was standing at the wheel, I bethought me of Christ, and my heart turned to Him for help, and, with my very first thought of Him, *He met me at the wheel.* ' Come to me, ye heavy laden ; come to me : I cast none out. I am meek and lowly of heart. Learn of me ; take my yoke—it is easy. Take my burden —my grace shall make it light.'

" There at the wheel, in the dark and solemn hour, the Saviour showed Himself to me. I love Him because He first loved me.

I cannot speak your language well. But Christ understands me, and I understand Him: and ever since I met Him at the wheel—poor sinner's Friend—I live very close to Him."

"HOLD THERE! THAT IS JUST WHAT I WANT."

James Duboice, a young sailor, was on board a whale ship in the South Atlantic, homeward bound. The last cask of oil had been stowed. Duboice stood on a cask near the main hatchway, when the vessel rolled deeply to leeward, and a water cask, breaking from its lashings at the weather rail, suddenly rolled against him, jamming his legs above the knees into jelly. He was carried to his berth in the steerage, and made as comfortable as possible. "That night," said one of his shipmates, "as I sat by his berth and watched with him, he was constantly calling 'Mother! mother!' Oh, it was heart-rend-

ing to hear him in his piteous ravings calling 'Mother! mother!' and then he would weep like a child because she came not. After he became calm, he bade me go to his chest and bring me the Bible given him by his mother.

" 'Now,' said he, 'read to me.'

" 'Where shall I read?'

" 'Where it tells how to get ready for heaven.'

" I felt bewildered, and knew not where to read, but opening the book at random, my eye fell on the fifty-first Psalm ; and I read to him till I came to the tenth verse : ' Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.'

" 'Hold there ! that is just what I want,' said he. 'Now, how shall I get it ?'

" 'Pray God to give it to you for Jesus' sake,' I suggested.

" 'Oh, yes ; Jesus is the Saviour. Shipmate, it is an awful thing to die, and I have got to go. Oh, if mother were here to tell me

how to get ready!' and he trembled with earnestness. After a short pause, during which he seemed to be in deep thought, he said :

" Do you know of any place where it is said that such sinners as I can be saved ? " I quoted 1 Tim. 1 : 15,—' This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.' ' Oh, shipmate,' said he, ' that is good. Can you think of any more ? ' I quoted Heb. 7 : 25,—' He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them.'

" ' That's plain. Now, if I only knew how to come to God.'

" ' Come, like a child to its father,' I suggested.

" ' How's that ?

" ' As the child feels that his father can help him in danger, so are you to feel God can help you now. And as the child trusts his

father by fleeing to him, so you must trust Jesus by casting yourself upon Him.'

He lay a little time engaged in earnest pleadings with God, as was evident from the few words I overheard. Then the tears began to run down his face ; his eyes opened, and a bright smile played like a sunbeam over his features. 'He forgives me, and I shall be saved,' he said, with a voice like the sound of a flute for sweetness. The day dawned ; then the sun arose in regal splendor on the ocean. I held his hand in mine and felt the death-thrill ; then he murmured, 'He's come, he's come.'

" 'Who has come ?' said I.

" 'Jesus,' he whispered, and fell asleep."

VIII.

Gems of Principle.

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REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY.



SAILOR, employed on board a steam vessel in the port of New York, conscientiously refused to work in taking in or unloading goods on the Sabbath. The Captain offered an increase of wages to induce him to work, saying, "We have no Sabbath in our business." But the sailor, refusing to work, was discharged, and went to Europe, where he soon learned, through a newspaper, that the steamer which knew "no Sabbath" had been blown up, and several lives had been lost.

"GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE."

When the Turkish ship was blown up, near Scio, the brig Fanny, Capt. Rich, of Malden, found the third lieutenant and an-

other officer on the wreck of the vessel, picked them up, and carried them on board a Seventy-four. After he had delivered them to the commander, the Turk asked the American captain how much money he required for having saved his officers. The captain replied, "Sir, I ask nothing ; I have acted like a Christian."

"Then," said the Turk, "I shall pray to Mahomet for you." "And I shall pray my God to inspire you to act as a Christian, also. '*Go thou and do likewise,*'" rejoined the American.

RETURNED IN BALLAST.

A few years ago the Captain of a brig from the State of Maine was at St. Croix, and was there offered one thousand dollars to bring home a cargo of rum, but refused—preferring to return in ballast.

This statement was at the time published in several newspapers, and by many persons doubted ; whereupon it was thus endorsed by

the Editors of the Sailors' Magazine. "We have the pleasure to state that we have seen the Captain referred to, and conversed with him on the subject ;—that instead of being a cargo of rum, it was a cargo of rum and sugar. The sugar he offered to take, but the rum he would not. And that instead of one thousand dollars, a full freight would have amounted to twelve hundred dollars ; and that on his return his owners were perfectly satisfied."

THE SABBATH REMEMBERED.

On board an American whale ship, resolutions to abstain from taking whales, and from all unnecessary work on the Sabbath having been adopted, the very next Sabbath several whales were seen playing about the ship. "We remembered," says one of the men, "that we had taken very little sperm oil, and that these monsters within our reach were worth from \$2000 to \$3000 each ; that

we, at least some of us, had families to provide for, and that a storm might come up in the night and take the bread from our children's mouths. And again, the interesting question would come up, Did not God send these providentially to-day for our benefit? The good spirit of our God was with us, and we were enabled, by grace, to keep our solemn pledge. And in twenty-two months we came home to the United States with the grace of God in our hearts, and a full cargo of whale and sperm oil, and some thousand pounds of bone."

"WHY NOT."

Hearing that a ship lying in the port of New York wanted a crew, several seamen, who had self-respect enough to ship themselves rather than be sold by a notary at a dollar a head, went on board. Just at that moment, something having upset the Captain's temper, he was swearing most pro-

fanely. After he had worked off his steam, he turned to them, saying, "My lads, do you want a ship?" "Yes, sir, we came on board for that purpose." Liking their appearance, he stated the terms of the voyage, the good points of his ship, &c., and urged their acceptance with the question, "Will you go?" "No," they replied, "we choose not." "Why not?" "Because we will not go with a man who swears so!"

"MUST PRACTICE AS WELL AS PREACH."

The Chaplain of a little English squadron in the Mediterranean was wont to preach alternately on board all the vessels of the squadron but one. The Captain of that was an irreligious, profane man, who wanted 'no Methodist parson to pilot him to heaven,' and improved every opportunity to annoy him. Being of a violent temper he also insulted the Commodore, who was on the point

of sending him home. Hearing of his intention the Chaplain waited on the Commodore, saying he had come to ask a particular favor.

“It shall be granted,” said the Commodore ; “I am always happy to oblige you. What is it ?”

“That you will overlook the conduct of Captain S.”

“Nay, nay ; you can’t be serious. Is he not your greatest enemy ? and I believe the only man in the fleet who does not wish to see you on board his ship ?”

“That is the very reason why I ask the favor, Commodore : I must practise as well as preach.”

“Well, well, it is an odd whim ; but if, on reflection, I can grant your request without prejudice to His Majesty’s Service, I will do it.”

The next day the Chaplain renewed his petition.

“Well,” said he, “if Captain S. will make

a public apology, I will overlook his conduct."

The Chaplain instantly got into a boat and rowed to Captain S.'s ship. He met him with a frown on his countenance; but when the Chaplain told him his errand, a tear stood in his eye, and taking him by the hand, he said, "Mr. ——, I really don't understand your religion, but I understand your conduct, and I thank you."

The affair blew over, and he urged the Chaplain to preach on board his ship.

NO SABBATH SALUTE.

On the arrival of the U. S. frigate Cumberland, Commodore Stringham, at the port of Athens, Greece, in July, 1852, he at once called on the French Admiral, and was honored with the usual salute. The next day, which was the Sabbath, the Admiral returned the visit, when the Commodore received him

courteously, and informed him that as he neither visited nor saluted on the Sabbath, he would pay him the customary salute on the following morning. Accordingly, on Monday morning the Cumberland made the hills of Greece ring with booming honors to the Admiral.

IX.

Gems of Temperance.

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THE LAST DUCK.

 HIPMATES! short yarns, short sermons, and short ceremonies, are to my liking. I intend to have it so when I'm married ; and why shouldn't it be so in signing the Temperance Pledge ?

The Chinese, you know, are a curious people,—many of them making their dwellings in large boats on the rivers. One of them, more than half duck himself, got his living by keeping ducks. In the day-time the ducks were permitted to float about at their pleasure, but at night they were carefully collected. As the night set in the keeper gave a whistle, when the ducks fled towards him with all possible speed, and were gathered in, in a minute. And how do you suppose he had educated his flock to

such promptness ? I will tell you : he always *beat* the last duck. Now bear a hand with me in signing that pledge, unless you mean to be the *last duck* !

COLD WATER PRINCIPLES.

“ I have,” said the Captain, “ never had any difficulty in being a cold water man. Everywhere, and in all circumstances—in the coldest weather and in the warmest climate—I have found that it answers well and saves from many dangers. The ship’s crew have invariably behaved well when tee-totalers. I never knew insubordination on board a ship from drinking water ; but I have known many cases arising out of the use of intoxicating liquor. Upon one occasion the merchant that I traded for became a brewer. I wonder how drunkard-makers can look tee-totalers in the face ! And when about to sail, he said, ‘ Captain H., you must do like

other ships that sail for our company ; you must take liquors on board.' 'Sir,' said I, 'the understanding with which I took command of the ship was, that I should be allowed to sail upon temperance principles ; and I have only to say, that if you send any liquors on board you will please to send a captain to take charge of them. I will do no such thing.' I was allowed to sail upon my own principles. But when I was in London I received a letter, requesting me to encourage a particular public-house. I wrote immediately, saying I could not in any way encourage the sellers of intoxicating drinks ; and, if my employers insisted upon it, they must send a captain to take charge of the ship. It was no trifling matter to me. I had a wife and family to support, and no prospect of another ship ; but I was resolved, by the help of God, that let the consequence be what it might, I *would not sacrifice my principles*. I was taken at my word ; a captain arrived to take my place ; and I never, in my life, gave up any-

thing so freely. But, mark the good providence of God ! that very day I received a letter offering me a larger ship, and a new one. My ship was christened with a bottle of water, and sailed upon cold-water principles."

"A CURRENT TOWARDS THE CENTRE."

A sailor, on being told that the Tuscaloosa lake, in Florida, had become entirely drained of its water, and its bed was now dry ; also, that the Orange lake was fast disappearing,—the water in both lakes running in a current towards the centre, and then mysteriously disappearing through some underground fissure, so as already to leave ten thousand acres of land dry,—replied : " I understand it all—that is just my experience. I, too, have been drained dry in an underground way : my head of its wits ; my purse of its cash ; my back of its clothes ; my soul

of its comfort, its self-respect, its everything ; and all done by *a current towards the centre!* But that was before I signed the Temperance Pledge."

"ABSOLUTELY SMOTHERED."

"I went home to my family ; it was earlier than usual. I took a seat, but said nothing. I observed a frown upon the face of my wife, as if she expected abuse as usual. But presently the cloud cleared away ; and after observing me some time she inquired, ' Husband, are you sick ? What is the matter with you ? ' ' No,' I said, ' I'm not sick, and there is nothing the matter with me. I am sober. I have been to the Washington Temperance meeting, and have signed the pledge.' ' Is it possible ! ' said she. ' Yes, it is true that I have signed the Washington pledge, and intend to stick to it as long as I live.'

"In a moment," said the Pilot, "all the wife was up in her bosom. Her eyes were

full of tears. She clasped me around the neck with her arms, and I thought she would have absolutely smothered me with her kisses."

"A BOTTLE OF RUM."

As the ship *Tartar*, Capt. Webber, for Canton, was about casting off in New York, a shipping notary brought on board from the Sailors' Home eight men to make up the complement of her crew. "What sort of men have you got there?" asked the Captain. "Look at them," replied the notary, directing his particular attention to a main-mast of a man, as a sample of the rest. "Look at them! and there is one with a bottle of rum on his shoulder,—just such rum as they keep at the Sailors' Home!" And, sure enough, there he stood with his shouldered treasure, himself and shipmates in high and sober glee, prepared—after living a few weeks on salt

beef—for a seasonable treat with a good bacon ham !

“COLD-WATER MEN.”

An American packet ship, homeward bound in the winter, experienced severe weather in crossing the Banks. Though sheeted with ice the noble ship behaved well, and her nobler men battled with the elements bravely. One day their kind Captain called all hands aft, and, in consideration of their prompt and protracted performance of duty in the cold and wet, offered each a glass of brandy. Nineteen out of twenty-four respectfully touched their tarpaulins, and begged as cold-water men to be excused !

“WHAT KIND OF REFRESHMENT IS THAT?”

When the ship Ocean Monarch was burning in the Irish Channel, August 25th, 1848,

Captain Knight and crew of the ship New World came to the rescue of her passengers and crew. Nobly and severely they toiled seven hours to save the perishing,—under orders from Captain Knight not to leave the wreck while one soul remained on board needing assistance. Mr. Baalham, the third officer of the New World, had charge of one of the boats engaged in conveying the passengers from the burning ship to a Brazilian steamer which had come to anchor in the channel. Severe and protracted labor made them thirsty; and several times, on safely landing their precious freight on board the steamer, they asked for water. At length half a dozen bottles of liquor were thrown into the boat for them, were which instantly thrown overboard, the noble seamen indignantly demanding, “*What kind of refreshment is that for such men on such an occasion?* Water! water is what we want.”

USE OF LIQUOR.

“They tell,” said a sailor, “of the moderate use of liquor, of the temperate use of liquor, of the innocent use of liquor, of the harmless use of liquor, of the generous and genteel use of liquor ; but after a long experience I can testify that the very best use is *no use at all.*”

Thus have we rambled—thus our casket filled,
As the bee rambles o'er the fragrant field :
We've breathed the ocean air, renewed our youth,
And gleaned the germs of duty and of truth.

Now, brave and wise—faithful, generous, true,
Humane and grateful, pious, temperate too—
Be it our joy, at every setting sun,
To greet the ocean we must sail so soon.

THE END.

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